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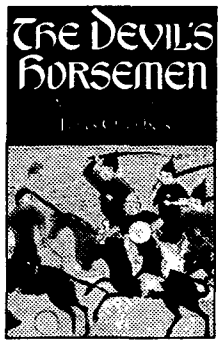

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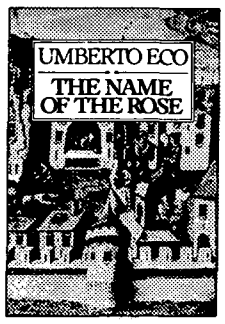

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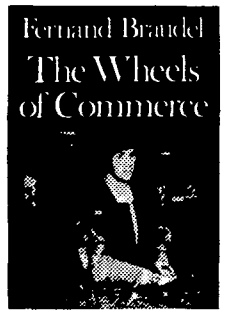

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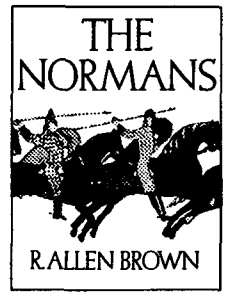

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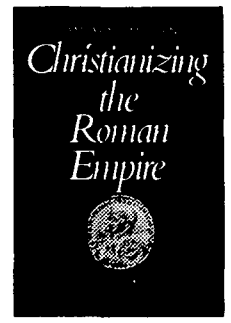

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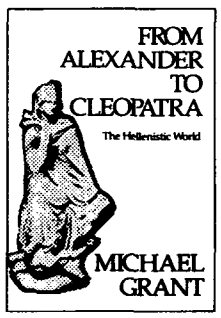

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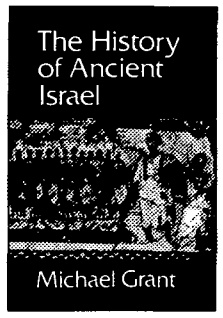

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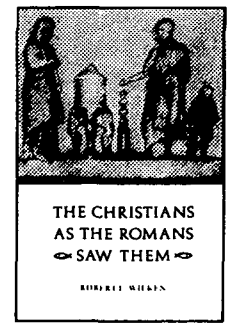

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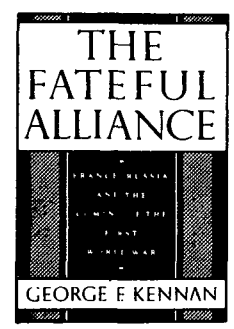

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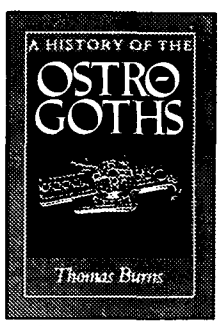

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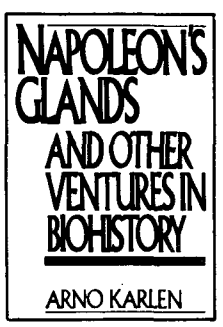

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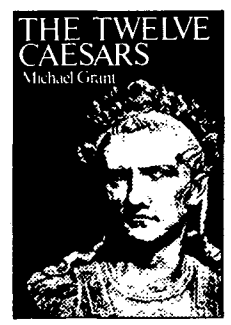

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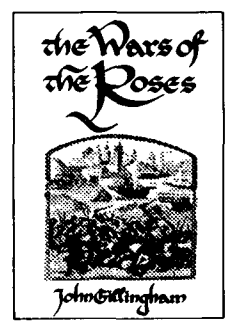

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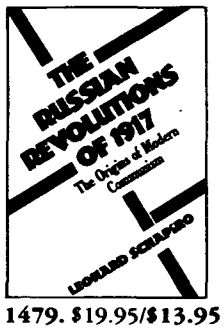

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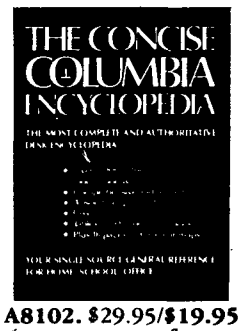

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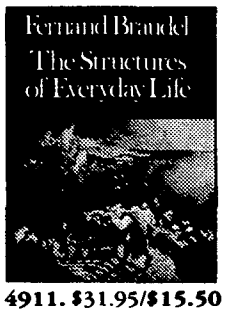

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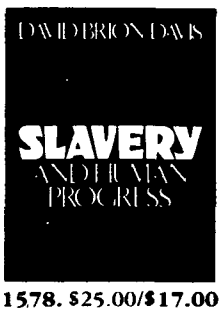

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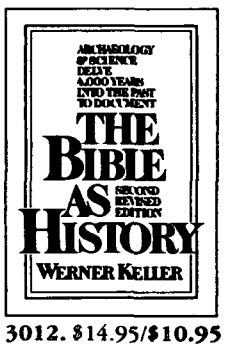
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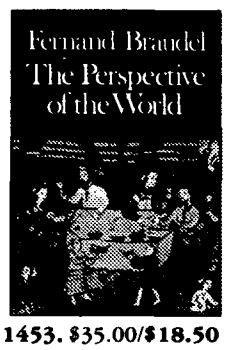

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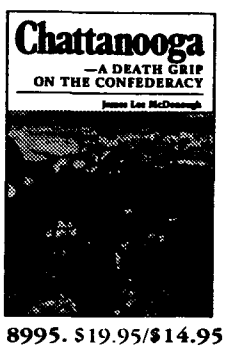

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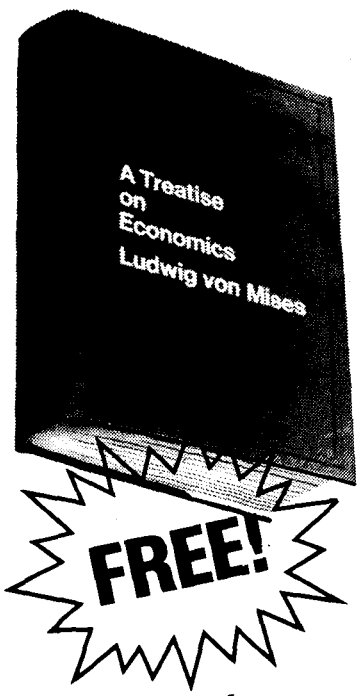

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• January marked the second inauguration of Ronald Reagan, a politician who, one decade ago, was adjudged by wholesome opinion to be a corpse worthy of a place in the Smithsonian, off in a wing devoted to lost causes. Nonetheless, there he was on January 21, driven into the Capitol Rotunda by arctic air, declaiming, "We are creating a new America, a rising nation once again vibrant, robust, alive." His theme was freedom. Such talk was very alarming a decade ago, unless one was talking about the freedom to peddle adult monographs on such erotic mysteries as bestiality and "enema-love" or one's freedom to heave blood or excrement at an offending office or office worker. Actually, wholesome opinion has lived in dread these past four years, convinced that civilization's only protection against nuclear holocaust is traditional Soviet prudence and love of life, convinced that the Reagan budget cuts are transforming millions of American idealists into homeless waifs wandering the Republic dreaming of a warm spot in the library, an opportunity to read over the *Magna Carta*, and, perhaps, to drink a little Mad Dog 20-20. Is, the Liberals ask, the center of American life to shift to the country club and away from the intellectual centers where comic books and human feelings were studied and where one could in recent years do as a *New York Times* reviewer did, compare Abbie Hoffman to Mark Twain? Are the indurated materialists to triumph, building ever more private sector monstrosities when the public sector is not yet finished coveting its neighbor's goods?

• These apprehensions have been brought to our attention by the keepers of wholesome opinion over the past four years; but toward the end of January, slowly, perceptibly, and with few signs of distress, certain magnificoes in the media seemed to be catching on: to wit, not all conservatives are depraved, insane, or moronic. In fact many are not even members of that grim gulag of country clubs that spreads its influence throughout the Republic. This is not to say that all the magnificoes have made these benign discoveries or that any have actually met a conservative; but our panel of experts, patrolling the networks and the newspapers, has perceived an inchoate sense of discovery on the part of some of these heretofore anti-conservatives. On the CBS Morning News, Mr. Bill Kurtis and Miss Phyllis George were spotted on January 22 disparaging *drugs* and attributing the increasing alarm over same to "the conservative trend." Mr. Hodding Carter had a dithyramb in the *Wall Street Journal* acknowledging that if nuclear holocaust did take place during the President's first administration his aides had the good sense to keep it quiet; and a growing number of pundits began to notice that Ronald Reagan has been a tolerably successful politician.

• And that conservative trend is vegetant across the land. In Houston, Texas, voters turned out in stupendous numbers late in the month to reject a City Council–approved bill banning discrimination against conspicuous pederasty. A New York grand jury refused to charge Mr. Bernhard H. Goetz, the neoconservative electrical engineer who shot four would-be assailants on a Manhattan subway, with attempted murder. Amongst youth the conservative trend is even more obvious. Prof. Alexander W. Astin of UCLA reports that a large majority of college students believe their college educations will make them more valuable on the job market—the evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. More young people are attending basketball games than ever before, and in Oak Park, Illinois, a thirteen-year-old boy is running for the village presidency on a platform that promises to oppose a local hand-gun ban. Not that New Age Liberalism is on the wane everywhere. In Jefferson City, Missouri, the Hon. Fred E. Williams, a Democratic state representative from St. Louis, has introduced a bill that would make nose-blowing an offense punishable by a fine of up to $200 if the appalling act is done in a "loud, obnoxious or offensive manner."

• Crime endures as perhaps America's pre-eminent cause for consternation, and in New York City the incomparable *New York Post* has declared war not only on crime but also on the criminals' favorite accomplice, the judge. If the *Post* has its way, New York City judges will travel exclusively by subway, preferably seated next to an odiferous street person. In Bloomington, Indiana, the Manhattan of Monroe County, Indiana, Miss Glendon R. Wininger, 40, was charged with murder for repeatedly dropping a bowling ball on the sleeping head of Mr. Stephen M. Detmer, 37, her live-in boyfriend. Police believe more than one bowling ball may have been used. Mr. Detmer was the owner of Bloomington Bowling Supply, and memorial contributions can be sent to Bloomington's Suburban Bowling Lanes in care of Mr. Larry Weber. Also in Bloomington, Mr. Robert Locklayer, 35, who had been held in lieu of $30,000 bond on charges of rape, confinement, sexual deviate conduct, vehicle theft, and burglary, had all those sexual charges dropped when calmer minds prevailed and the woman upon whom he had lavished these attentions had some time to think about them and accept his hand in holy matrimony. In Sacramento, California, Miss Tina Marie Chadma, 28, was nabbed for theft as she sat helplessly in her car, stranded in torrents of soap and water on the line of an automatic car wash by a quick-witted attendant. Miss Chadma had erred in giving him a stolen credit card.

• "This is John's problem," was the Hon. Geraldine Ferraro's observation when her husband pleaded guilty to a charge of defrauding a New Jersey mortgage broker, reducing her chances of continued public service to slim and none. Washington's investigative reporters were caught with their telephones apparently out of order when out of the blue it was announced that the White House will soon have a Reagan and a Regan, and the Treasury will have a Baker and a Darman. Where the Machiavel Deaver will land remains unknown, but by the end of the month he was hospitalized, and still the President's popularity soared.

• The Republic's average IQ dropped in January when within a week death took Huntington Cairns, Jameson Campaigne, Charles S. Hyneman, and Eric Voegelin, all of whom had in one way or another contributed to this journal. In Mohiuddiaur, India, at least fourteen men, women, and

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children were massacred in a feud over a mango tree, the same tree that occasioned the death of two men and the arrest of nine others last August. Yet the tree remains. In Bangladesh it was believed that as many as 150 died in the last cars of a burning passenger train, because the engineer scrupled over stopping the speeding train in an area frequented by train robbers. Senator Lowell Weicker became the highest ranking moral exhibitionist to be jugged for demonstrating in front of the South African Embassy, and Mr. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has declared that one can live forever if one follows the distinguished cleric's diet of crushed stones, mercury, and other metals and if one "remains healthy." • Winona County, Minnesota suffered a major economic setback when a federal appeals court ruled that Mr. Albert Hubenthal's 55-acre worm farm constitutes a public nuisance, and county officials began hauling off tons of meticulously prepared waste paper, cardboard, used tires, and metal Hubenthal had deemed essential to his operation. In the House of Commons a former Government official revealed that Prime Minister Thatcher had rejected sexual advances from a drunken dignitary in Edinburgh's Holyrood Palace, probably in the early 1980s. The Prime Minister is no friend of strong drink. Not that the stalwarts of the Animal Liberation Front are all that kissable, but they must definitely be placed off-limits for the foreseeable future. In London, Ontario, a group of these degenerates broke into the Human Sciences building of the University of Western Ontario and made off with a rhesus monkey infected with herpes B virus, a virus almost always fatal to humans. The fanatics believe that they are being deceived.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Stein's Classic

I wish to tell you what you probably already know: "Love Between the Ages" by Benjamin J. Stein (*TAS*, January 1985) is no less than a classic. Congratulations to him and you.

—Ernest van den Haag
New York, New York

Once again Ben Stein's poignant description of one more bizarre Southern California folkway leaves me impressed and puzzled. I'm a film producer and a writer, just like Stein. I get invited to studio screenings and have lunched (but not picked up the check) at La Serre. I figure we must have attended some of the same parties and tribal rites. And yet he describes a world I have never seen. Am I blind . . . ?

In my world, if he wears a toupee and she Clearasil, they will be subjected to a barrage of mean jokes, lifted eyebrows, and choked-back guffaws. In any hamburger or falafel joint (he'd have to take her to her accustomed haunts or risk seeing her expire of anorexia while learning to eat with a fork) he'd be pelted with "hey pop" wisecracks and he'd soon enough be eating at home and waiting for the play to start before taking her in.

Where does this insider stuff come from—some shrinkerei in Beverly Hills? It sounds about as valid as, say, Krafft-Ebing on the mating habits of his German friends. I enjoy Stein's stuff and have no problem with seeing Southern California traduced in print. But as reportage?

—Saul David
Van Nuys, California

Benjamin J. Stein replies:

In response to Saul David, in a sense I am pleased I am telling him something new. After all, I suppose it's a function of journalism to tell readers something they did not already know.

What About Talbott?

You blew it this time. Why must you publish such yellow—sensationally distorted, mean, and cowardly—journalism?

Tom Bethell's argument against disarmament talks is well done and timely ("The Costs of Arms Control," *TAS*, December 1984). But look at the last two paragraphs. If Bethell accuses Talbott of being a witting or unwitting accomplice of the KGB, then say so. Let him offer his evidence and sources.

Talbott may be wrong-thinking, but Bethell's accusations are cowardly innuendo. McCarthyism.

And what about this "Instead of asking whether it can 'work,' we should be asking who is promoting it . . . "? Isn't that a logical fallacy—name calling? I suspect (hope) your intelligent and rational readers are more interested in the weight and substance of important public arguments.

And are we to assume that everyone who has worked in *Time*'s Moscow bureau, or who has written prologues or translated Russian manuscripts, or even anyone who "is thought to have," is an agent of the KGB?

Bethell is a bonehead for writing that. You must be overworked.

—Jerry Spector
St. Louis, Missouri

Tom Bethell replies:

Mr. Spector should reread my article, which, unlike his letter, included no accusations.

Volckernomics

After five months of avidly reading my new subscription to *TAS*, Gregory A. Fossedal's December article on Chairman Volcker ("The Unaccountable Mystique of Paul Volcker," *TAS*, December 1984) left me gasping for air. Leaving aside the unsubstantiated notion that "Paul Volcker, along with John Connally and George Shultz, engineered [the collapse of the international monetary arrangements in 1971]" (p. 15), a number of misrepresentations appear in the article. For example, referring to the presumed political character of the Fed in the debate concerning the federal deficit, "a debate that Volcker regularly engages in, *lecturing Congress on the front pages that its failure to raise taxes is ruining the economy*" (p. 15, emphasis added), one gathers the impression that Paul Volcker might want taxes to be raised. However, a cursory reading of the Chairman's testimony on the International Debt Problem before the House Foreign Affairs Committee on August 8, 1984 would show that he *never* called for raising taxes, despite repeated attempts by (Democrat) House members to maneuver him into saying that taxes necessarily must be raised in any deficit reduction package. Simply stated, the composition of tax and expenditure decisions is the purview of the fiscal authorities, not the Central Bank.

With regard to the buildup of foreign lending by U.S. banks, it is simply not true that the Fed has "winked at the practice [of writing down the paper value of loans] and even encouraged increased foreign lending—without the reforms in Third World economic policy that would make the loans repayable" (p. 15). Some trade related credits to Argentina were recently downgraded by the bank regulators, as evidenced by reports in the American press. While increased foreign lending might be "suggested," this is only done (if at all) in the context of an IMF stand-by program, which seeks to return the debtor country to a sustainable current account position, including timely debt servicing. Also, given the current ad hoc system of collective lending by banks to certain developing countries, "pressure" on smaller banks to lend might come from a variety of sources, including the IMF, the Fed, creditor country governments, or money center banks with large exposures.

Lastly, no theoretical or empirical arguments were adduced for Mr. Fossedal's equating of "currency manipulation" with the current arrangement of flexible exchange rates, a theme which appears throughout the article and exemplifies (I believe) a kind of "cloakroom theory" of exchange rate determination.

On at least two counts, the "mystique" of Paul Volcker and the Fed appears somewhat accountable—decisive intervention in the debt crisis during the second half of 1982, and bringing inflation under control during a period in which the fiscal accelerator was (and is still) jammed to the floor. Paradoxically, by concentrating his criticism on Fed personages, instead of policies or operating procedures, Mr. Fossedal indirectly contributes to the "mystique," does he not?

—Ken Borghese
Arlington, Virginia

In his article on Chairman Paul Volcker published in the December issue of *The American Spectator*, Mr. Fossedal repeats a false account of a telephone incident in which I was supposedly involved. He completely misrepresents the facts in stating that President Reagan spoke to me on the telephone in an effort to obtain Chairman Volcker's phone number at a hotel in Europe. At no time did I speak to the President, or for that matter, to any White House official. Obviously, I see it as part of my job to facilitate communications, and I am certainly not "under orders to screen any calls from the White House," as Mr. Fossedal's article asserts.

The facts are as follows: At about 7:00 p.m. on June 25, 1984, I received a phone call at my home from a White House telephone operator. She said that the President was trying to reach

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EDITORIALS

LIBERAL DENIAL

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Considering the baleful outcome of this fall's election for my Liberal friends, and the outcome of every presidential election since 1968, save one, it is not going too far to say that they have fallen on particularly hard times. I predict worse times ahead. All that can save the Liberals and those unfortunate moderates in the Democratic party who are chained to them is economic catastrophe or some equally depressing act of nature.

The Liberals are more sanguine, and since the fall debacle they have made a very brave show of it, examining their metaphysics in the public prints, holding conferences to sort out their present problems and new directions. Yet there is more than a whiff of farce to their soul-searching. Every time one hears them complain of Ronald Reagan's style, or intone an urgent incantation to one of their many sacred cows, one senses it. Moreover, these spectacles of soul-searching rarely bring up matters of substance or the thought that Ronald Reagan's policies fetch votes.

Some of the Liberal brethren still argue that last fall's debacle was Walter Mondale's fault, though Mr. Mondale was the young Liberal on whom the smart money was placed in the early 1970s and by 1984 he had a superb organization. Some blame their loss on Ronald Reagan's charm, making him perhaps the most effective Casanova of all time. All believe that last fall's landslide had an ambiguous meaning because so few seats shifted in the House of Representatives. Apparently they have forgotten that our democratic representatives over the years have voted themselves such ample perks as to make their removal from office a gigantic undertaking of genius and luck.

Having now watched these dubious re-examinations, I have come to believe that the psychological condition of the participants is at the heart of their problem. The Republican party has in a decade risen from moribundity to near equality with the Democrats, whose popularity steadily declines. This fall the youth vote went Republican, and for the first time in decades 50 percent of the electorate in House contests with two-party races went GOP. Today significantly more Americans identify themselves as conservative than liberal. The drift from left to right is apparent for all to see, yet the Liberals remain by and large oblivious.

Seasoned political observers tell me that the Liberals are merely keeping their fears to themselves, the better to rectify the situation. I would refer them and all who are stout-hearted enough to confront the Liberals' condition to Anna Freud's masterwork, *The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense.* Miss Freud, now deceased, is the daughter of the esteemed Dr. Sigmund Freud, so many of my Liberal friends will need no further introductions. In her book she argues that normal people as well as neurotics when faced with anxiety-causing situations frequently practice denial. In its more extreme form psychotic denial amounts to seeing and hearing but refusing to acknowledge what is seen and heard.

Miss Freud's findings conform with my own from researches I have conducted among the more extreme Liberals. The study, titled *The Liberal Crack-Up,* observes these unhappy people denying reality on a surprising range of issues. For instance, when South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia fell to North Vietnam they denied that the "dominoes" had fallen. They regularly practice denial when disturbing differences between the U.S. and the USSR are perceived. Now they are denying that Liberalism and its gloomy agenda were thumpingly rejected this fall; and do you know that when this book came out they, in their reviewing forums, even denied its existence? Since October they have for the most part refused to mention the book or its thesis, which is that today's Liberalism is far more radical than the Liberalism of the New Deal. What is more, it has broken up into intolerant enthusiasms remote from the American mainstream. Of the major news sources, so far only the conservative *Wall Street Journal* has reviewed this commonsense study. And such formidable forums of book reviewing as the *Boston Globe,* the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post, Newsweek,* and *Time* have yet to give it the good bashing that perhaps it deserves.

Norman Podhoretz has referred to this prudish reticence as a "conspiracy of silence," but I demur. What we have here is a class of people afflicted with mental disorder. Some victims of the denial syndrome are stricken by fierce anxiety on bridges—even quaint covered bridges!—and thus, perforce, travel vast distances to avoid them. Similarly, many liberals today are made profoundly uneasy by evidence of political or intellectual setbacks and so refuse to acknowledge the clearly observable. It is as though Richard Strauss's critics, rather than booing *Electra,* had crawled furtively from the concert hall to declare the next day in their reviews, "Vee heard nussing." As for *The Liberal Crack-Up* itself, I believe its publication will eventually be viewed as a historic event, one of the rare moments in their gaudy saga when the Liberals were rendered utterly silent.

Here then is why I predict that the Liberals face worse times ahead. Their problems are not only political but also profoundly psychological. They cannot even acknowledge the sources of their anxieties. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

REQUIEM FOR A BUM

How closely did you follow the recent interment of Mr. Jesse Carpenter, a World War II Bronze Star recipient who died on the evening of December 5 in Lafayette Square across from the White House? On that night the temperature dipped below freezing, and when this occurs derelicts with a sufficient amount of alcohol in their blood often turn up DOA or dead on arrival as any cop on the beat will tell you. Mr. Carpenter was an alcoholic. Back in the days when language was relatively unpoliticized and cherished for the truths it could convey, Mr. Carpenter would also have been called a vagrant or derelict. Now the politically tendentious have hornswoggled us into numbering him among "the homeless." What the term lacks in precision it makes up for in political usefulness, at least for those who would put Mr. Carpenter's lonely death to their political uses.

"Our society chose to treat Jesse as invisible," the Rev. Vin Harwell declaimed during services at Arlington National Cemetery. "Here is . . . a

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human being who at one point in his life"—a reference, I take it, to his 1944 rescue of three GIs—"risked everything to get others to safety, who needed help later in life . . . was shut out by too many in our society." It is not clear to whom he refers when he says that more recently Mr. Carpenter risked "vulnerability to care for others." Presumably this is not a reference to Mr. Carpenter's family. In 1962 he deserted his wife, his ten-year-old daughter, and his six-month-old son for life on the streets. Though let me add that it is apparently old-fashioned to say he deserted; all the newspapers I read said only that he left. There is a difference.

It is wrong to speak ill of the dead, but it is worse to exploit their deaths for political purposes. To complain that no "high-government official" turned out for Mr. Carpenter's burial and then to assert that this absence is indicative of the Reagan Administration's regard for the homeless is shamelessly exploitative. Nonetheless that was the route taken by a local political activist and modern-day humanitarian who bused homeless men and women to Mr. Carpenter's services and then declared: "The message is a question; the question is, what does it say of us as a people if we allow our heroes to languish like animals on the streets?"

Well, allow me a question. What kind of humanitarian claims as a "hero" a man who walked out on a six-month-old son, a ten-year-old daughter, and their mother? At best he is absurd. It is quite proper to say that

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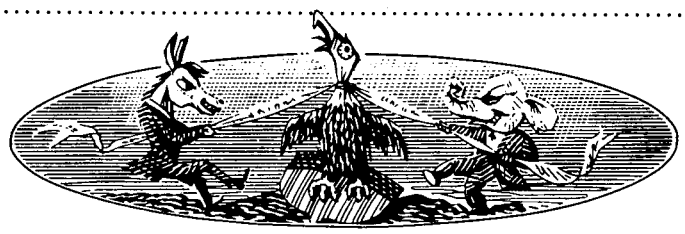
CAPITOL IDEAS



TAS's Annual J. Gordon Coogler Award:

WORST BOOK OF THE YEAR

by Tom Bethell

I like the use of the word "protocol" in connection with arms control negotiations. It refers both to the forms of etiquette observed by diplomats, and to the text of an unratified treaty. In writing about arms control, I have found, one is expected to abide by protocol. The first unwritten rule is that negotiation is a good, in and of itself. Its corollary is that "talks" should meet with "success." And from this it follows that the U.S. should adopt "negotiable" positions—that is, positions that the Soviet Union is likely to approve of. This, then, is the State Department's role in arms control negotiations: to insist upon "negotiability." The Defense Department's role is the purely defensive one of insisting that the resulting concessions do not undermine the nation's security. For the Pentagon it is not "talks" that must succeed, but the defense of the nation. Since talks are merely procedural and defense is substantive, there is quite a disparity between these two responsibilities.

A second and most important rule of arms control etiquette is that the writer is expected to pretend the gross political asymmetry between the U.S. and the Soviet Union doesn't really exist. The illusion of symmetry is in fact maintained by talking about "the two superpowers," "two scorpions in a bottle," "two apes on a treadmill"—all American formulations. Breaching etiquette and calling attention to the tremendous asymmetries between the two countries—the one surrounded by walls and guards to stop people from running away, the other flooded by immigrants—is regarded as bad manners by the arms control "community." This is a rather small collection of people, most of them living in Washington, some of them employed by American newspapers and magazines. Here they present their views, the views of the State Department, and the congruent views of the Soviet Union to a much larger audience. Perhaps the best known such advocate/journalist today is Strobe Talbott, the 38-year-old Washington bureau chief of *Time* magazine.

Formerly the magazine's diplomatic correspondent, Talbott has written a book, *Deadly Gambits*,[1] about the recent (1981-83) arms control negotiations in Geneva. It was promptly hailed by the arms control community, both in news columns and on op-ed pages, but it has not been widely read. According to publishing sources, the book has sold poorly, considering its favorable reception. I recently mentioned to Richard Perle, the assistant secretary of defense who is the villain in Talbott's account, that perhaps no more than a hundred people really read cover to cover all the voluminous U.S. outpourings about arms control in books, newspapers, and magazines. "No," he said. "There are more than that in Moscow alone."

Talbott's book has been praised for its adherence to arms control etiquette and its consequent disparagement of the United States. It attributes the "failure of the talks" to U.S. inflexibility rather than Soviet intransigence. In fact, the U.S. modified its position at least eight times in the START talks, each time coming closer to the Soviet position. But you would hardly know it from Talbott's account. It gives one no pleasure to admit that the chief START negotiator, General Edward Rowny, was in fact so "flexible," but the truth is he was. The Soviets had not the slightest intention of arriving at a strategic arms agreement in Geneva, because their whole purpose was to hold START hostage to a U.S. agreement not to deploy intermediate-range weapons in Europe. Talbott must know this perfectly well, but it does not suit his ideological purpose to say so. "Rowny ended up being almost as much of an obstacle to the achievement of a new agreement as he had been to the ratification of the old one," he mendaciously asserts at one point.

After the mechanical praise from the arms control lobby, Theodore Draper published an unexpected attack on the book in the *New York Times Book Review* in December. Draper, a historian, complained at length about Talbott's "novelistic" journalism, and his refusal to supply the sources of his information. In effect, Draper asked, how can we know that these reported conversations (often in direct quotations) really took place as described, when we don't know who told Talbott what? Two weeks later there was a follow-up in the *Book Review*, with a letter from the Secretary of Defense calling some comments attributed to him by Talbott "complete lies," while Paul Nitze, the chief INF negotiator, explained that he had been the source of some of the reported conversations. ("I therefore did my best to help him get the sections dealing directly with me right.") Draper took Flora Lewis and Tom Wicker to task for calling the book "rigorous," "objective," and "authoritative." The book is strongly biased and cites no authorities, Draper pointed out.

Draper made some good points but his critique was methodological, not substantive. It in effect left open the possibility that the book could be restored to academic respectability by the addition of footnotes. A similar attack was mounted some years ago against Bob Woodward's book on the Supreme Court, and against the second Woodward and Bernstein book on Watergate. In fact, it is not an effective rebuttal of a reported conversation to say that we don't know how the author overheard it. Rebuttal depends on the participants' denial, which (with the exception of Weinberger) Draper did not adduce.

The far more serious problem is that, even if all the conversations are reported accurately by Talbott, the book remains highly misleading and tendentious. It gives us an inaccurate picture of the negotiations; and about the broader context of U.S.-Soviet relations, without which no understanding

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

[1] *Deadly Gambits: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control*, Knopf. $17.95.

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of arms control is possible, it is entirely silent. (It is not the weapons themselves that give rise to the negotiations, as the arms control lobbyists are forever insinuating; if this were true the British and the French would surely be negotiating about *their* nuclear weapons; it is the *Soviet* threat, not the "nuclear threat," that is the crucial ingredient. But there I go violating arms control protocol.)

One of the most serious errors in the book, almost comic in its magnitude, is that Talbott misrepresents the position of one of his main characters, Richard Burt of the State Department. Since the book has been hailed as an account of the struggle between "the two Richards," Burt and Perle, the former "devoted to achieving progress in arms control," the latter "the Prince of Darkness" to his "many enemies," this is quite a problem. At one point Talbott describes with great excitement "a meeting shrouded in secrecy" held at the Wye Plantation in Maryland. First Perle is quoted as saying of arms control: "This stuff is a soporific. It puts our society to sleep. It does violence to our ability to maintain adequate defenses." (Perle denies that he said it.)

Talbott continues: "The State Department representatives, Burt and Howe, were willing to talk philosophy too, but with a very different thrust from Perle's."

Oh? What did Burt say, then? Talbott's reporting of the meeting conveniently fades out at that point. Using Talbott's technique I will supply Burt's arms control philosophy in direct quotations, leaving it up to Burt to deny it if he is so inclined. Like Talbott I offer no source:

"Arms control is most unlikely to produce results that have any military significance. I know that. But we have to engage in it for political reasons. Europe wants it and Congress wants it. Therefore we have to re-educate the public, lower their expectations, so we are not under pressure to present them with an arms control 'achievement' that is no such thing."

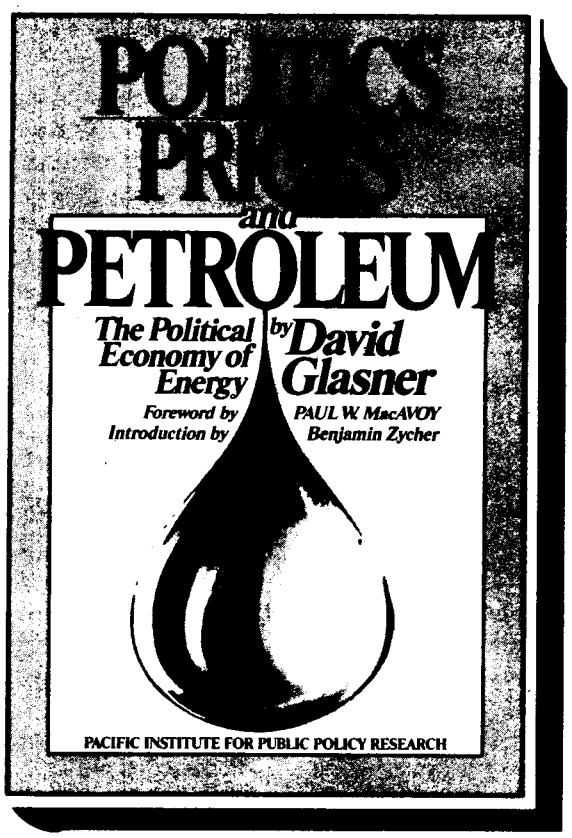
If he had a source inside the room, why didn't Talbott tell us about Burt's position on arms control? It was sheer dishonesty not to. Perle told me he felt that Talbott's misrepresentation of Burt's position undermines the whole thesis of the book.

Neither does Talbott tell us what Perle's position is on arms control. Perle is simply represented as an obstructionist with motives that remain obscure. But then again, Talbott says nothing about, and in fact continually obscures in all his writing, the political asymmetry between the U.S. and the USSR. Perle's position derives from an appreciation of that asymmetry: "It is extremely difficult to achieve militarily significant results through arms control. Nevertheless, that is their objective." Thus Perle's position on arms control is far more straightforward than Burt's, but you wouldn't know it from Talbott's book.

A good book might one day be written about arms control but Strobe Talbott is not the man for the job. Set in the wider context of the unremitting war that the Soviet Union is and for many years has been waging on the West, the bureaucratic struggle among such figures as Burt, Perle, Nitze, and Rowny could indeed be of absorbing interest. The trouble with Talbott is that he is not at all objective; he is in fact very much a participant in this struggle. And for reasons that are best known to himself, he continually comes down on what is effectively the Soviet side. "Soviet arguments and concerns are emphasized throughout the book," a U.S. official involved in the talks told me. "U.S. arguments and concerns get minimal or no attention."

Why doesn't Talbott ever tell us anything about the discussions and arguments that went on between the Soviet officials? Talbott has good

BUREAUCRACY vs. ENVIRONMENT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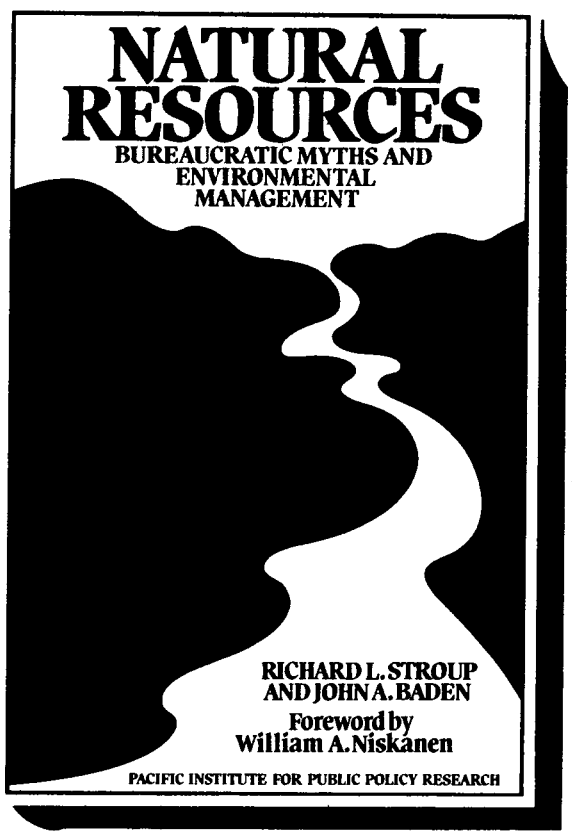
NATURAL RESOURCES
BUREAUCRATIC MYTHS AND ENVIRONMENTAL MANAGEMENT
RICHARD L. STROUP AND JOHN A. BADEN
Foreword by William A. Niskanen
PACIFIC INSTITUTE FOR PUBLIC POLICY RESEARCH

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Bureaucratic Myths and Environmental Management
By RICHARD L. STROUP and JOHN A. BADEN
Foreword by WILLIAM A. NISKANEN

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Soviet sources. It is known, for example, that he met while in Geneva with the Soviet START team member who was identified as an agent of the KGB, Oleg Yermishkin. That's one name that doesn't show up in Talbott's index. Surely he had something to say. Yermishkin, assigned to the press section of the Soviet Embassy in Washington in the mid 1970s, was denied admission to the United States in March 1974, when he applied for a visa to be the Soviet "Olympic attaché" in Los Angeles. His visa was denied, John Hughes of the State Department said, because "host governments reserve the right to protect their own security and other interests." (A week later, Yermishkin's visa denial was described, in an anonymous piece in *Time*, as "a somewhat ungraceful feint that left all involved feigning outrage.")

Talbott, of course, was the translator and editor of Khrushchev's memoirs, published in 1970. According to an article by Roger Jellinek in the *New York Times Book Review* (May 16, 1971), the prologue to that book, "smoothly written in the first person and more firmly argued than anything else in the book, was almost certainly the creation of the 23-year-old collator and translator, Strobe Talbott, a student of Russian literature and member of *Time*'s Moscow bureau for the summer of 1969." The Khrushchev material is believed to have been brought to the West by Victor Louis, an agent of the KGB. According to a *Time* source, Talbott later requested that this information about the source of the Khrushchev material be excluded from *Time*'s official history.

What does seem certain is that Talbott enjoys the confidence of Soviet officials, and with good reason. (He was the first Western journalist admitted to Kabul after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, for example.) It is a matter of record that policy positions advocated by Talbott in *Time* are in most instances congruent with Soviet positions, although I stress that it is unnecessary to speculate on the psychological origins of this ideological congruence. There is (as the liberals say) a clear "pattern of discrimination" in favor of the Soviet point of view. One can observe and describe this pattern without reference to the process that produced it. No CAT-scan is needed. The same pattern is also observable with a number of other journalists, perhaps most strikingly Talbott's own boss, Henry A. Grunwald.

In a recent issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Grunwald made a number of foreign policy suggestions that seemed at first sight evenhanded but on closer inspection would have the practical effect of assisting the Soviet Union. (For example, he wrote, "the Soviets might be willing to curb certain actions elsewhere in the world in exchange for Western accommodation over Afghanistan." Think about that.)

Most recently, I notice, Talbott has become greatly exercised over the Strategic Defense Initiative. (So have the Soviets.) SDI has put arms control in a state of "crisis," Talbott worries. He editorializes on behalf of "an agreement of indefinite duration that could, if necessary, involve tradeoffs between offense and defense." (And that, too, is the Soviet position.) The deal is like this: A mugger says that if you take off your bulletproof vest, he will throw away one or two of the extra guns back in his apartment. Meanwhile his six-shooter is still trained on you. No thanks, Strobe. No thanks, Andrei.

But it is easy to see why they dislike Strategic Defense. It will inevitably and irrevocably expose the political asymmetry between the two sides. What if they too get "Star Wars"? Let them have it. One is reminded of the mice who told the farmer that if he didn't get a cat, neither would they. □

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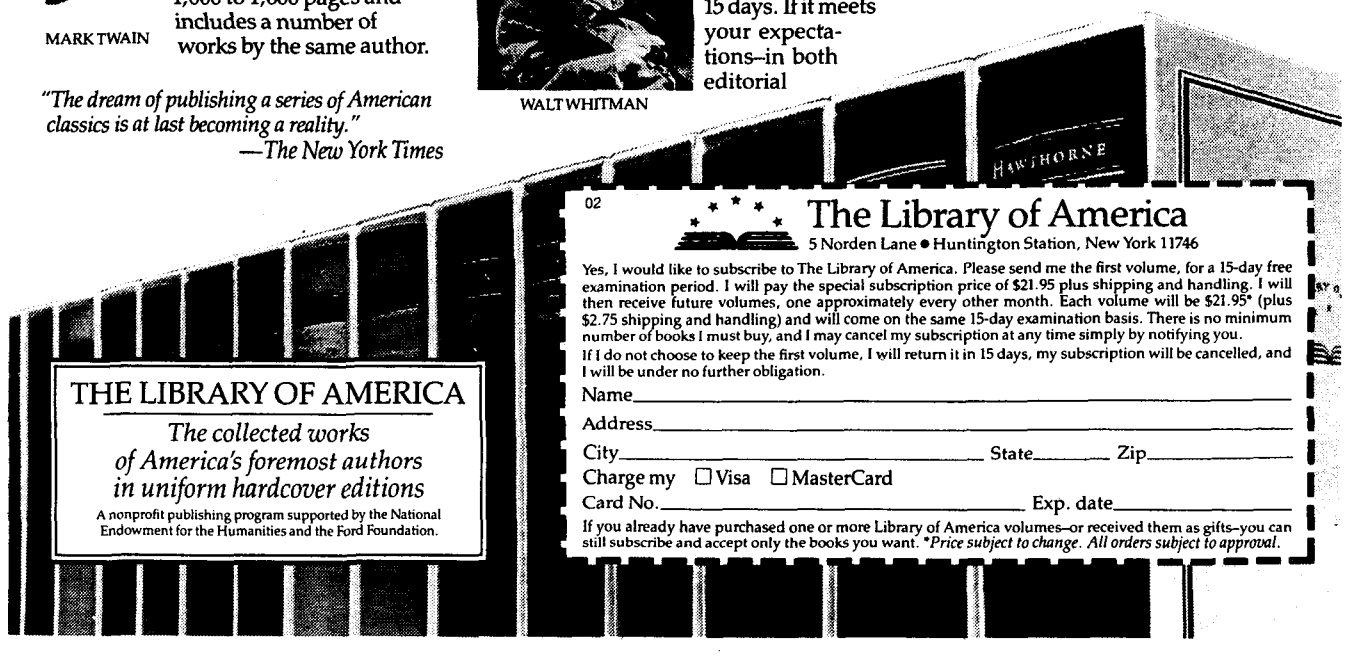
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Gregory A. Fossedal

THE REAGAN DOCTRINE

You might have missed it, but it was boomed in January.

Nuclear weapons kill people. They should be limited and, ideally, completely dismantled. Satellites and other systems that defend people against those weapons should not be limited. Indeed, they should be encouraged: It will be easier to limit offensive arms if such defenses are allowed.

This, in a nutshell, is the U.S. arms control position that emerged from the furious parlaying at and around Geneva. In the face of Soviet attempts to use negotiations to kill our "Star Wars" defense program, Ronald Reagan and his spokesmen—Caspar Weinberger, Robert McFarlane, George Shultz, and Kenneth Adelman—made it clear before, during, and after the talks that Star Wars is no mere bargaining chip. Rather, strategic defenses are the foundation of a whole new structure for arms control talks between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

This new Reagan Doctrine was conveyed time and again in the weeks surrounding Geneva. In a major speech on Star Wars before Christmas, Caspar Weinberger stated emphatically that Star Wars will not be traded away. He also gave several reasons why the American left and the Soviets should welcome a gradual build-up of defenses and a gradual build-down of offenses as a step toward disarmament. Asked about Weinberger's speech, Reagan reiterated that he does not intend to trade Star Wars away. Pressed by reporters to explain if this would eliminate any "linkage" at Geneva, Reagan publicly announced his instruction to Shultz that he should inform the Russians we will not trade away Star Wars to get an agreement on offensive arms. Rather, he said, we will talk about limiting or eliminating almost any offensive system, but only under an umbrella of defensive protection. Shultz effectively did this in refusing Gromyko's demand that the U.S. freeze its Star Wars program while talks on offensive weapons continue.

All the signs that this was the official U.S. position were somehow missed in what must have been a million words of sometimes perceptive, often inane commentary by Western journalists. The press insisted on jumping for joy when the U.S. and Soviets agreed to talk about space weapons. Some even praised Reagan for cleverly using Star Wars as a ploy to get the Soviets back to the table. Yet at a press conference the evening after the talks closed, President Reagan emphasized, as he had for Margaret Thatcher just before Geneva, that our aim at the talks would be to explain that the encouragement of defenses will promote progress on eliminating nuclear weapons, not hinder it.

Ironically, by treating the mere opening of talks on Star Wars as a major victory for arms control, the press unwittingly implied that the legitimacy of such weapons is no longer in doubt. Where does that leave the 1972 treaty on anti-ballistic missiles, which outlawed strategic defenses? As Morton Kondracke astutely pointed out, the real meaning of Geneva is that the ABM treaty, in effect, will have to be renegotiated. This will have no bearing on whether Star Wars will proceed, but rather on the larger issue of whether the limits on defenses established twelve years ago will ever apply again.

How could so many commentators and pundits miss such a radical change of arms control course? Part of the answer lies in simple fatuity. Television and even newspaper journalists were so busy reading entrails—Did the inflection in Shultz's voice change from the first meeting? Was Gromyko smiling, or didn't he like the shrimp cocktail? —that they had no time to listen to what Reagan and his deputies were saying.

What is fortunately beginning to sink in is that Star Wars is not some hopeless boondoggle. If it were, we would not be seeing such a panicky determination on the part of the Soviets to kill it. Indeed, the Soviet Union's frenzied effort to stop Star Wars has convinced many conventional wisdomers—Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Charles Krauthammer—that it may be useful in providing the Soviets with a great incentive to bargain, constituting a "chip" in the old arms control sense.

But the bargaining chip argument ends the moment the chip is traded away. And if Star Wars really is so effective, why squander it? This is the essence of the Reagan Doctrine, which sees that defenses are one thing that should not be traded for "progress" on other fronts. Rather, both sides should vigorously pursue Star Wars and other related ideas because the protection of defense-oriented systems will make it easier to negotiate both arms control and, ultimately, disarmament.

This proposition sounds radical only to those mesmerized by the countervailing logic of Mutual Assured Destruction, on which the ABM treaty was based. The idea of "defense-protected build-down" was in fact first stated by the Soviet Union. In a long-since forgotten speech to the U.N. General Assembly in 1962, Andrei Gromyko set forth the case for what is now the Reagan Doctrine:

> Policy-making officials in the United States, the United Kingdom, and other Western countries can be heard saying that the best guarantee against a new war is the "balance of fear." Means of destruction and annihilation have become so powerful, argue the proponents of this view, that no state will run the risk of starting a nuclear war since it will inevitably sustain a retaliatory nuclear blow. . . . But to base the policy of states on a feeling of universal fear would be tantamount to keeping the world in a permanent state of feverish tension and eve-of-war hysteria.

Instead, Gromyko and the Soviets argued for a swift program of nuclear disarmament. In case the West should suspect the Soviets of cheating on such an agreement, Gromyko proposed that both sides be allowed to build defenses against nuclear weapons, providing "a

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cover" against such trickery. Now, in 1962, the Soviets had rather more to gain than the U.S. from nuclear disarmament. The U.S. enjoyed a substantial strategic advantage, as the Soviets would soon learn during the Cuban missile crisis. We relied on nuclear weapons to back up the conventional defense of Europe. Nevertheless, John F. Kennedy was intrigued by Gromyko's draft disarmament treaty, and rightly so. Kennedy was also receiving reports on a "Star Wars" program of his own—Project Defender, a proposed space-based defense against Soviet missiles under study since the Eisenhower Administration. Kennedy saw that Gromyko's disarmament offer when combined with a Project Defender program might enable his administration to free the world from the nuclear threat, at the cost only of a slightly larger budget for the United States and Europe.

But JFK's interest in strategic defense, and the Gromyko treaty, never had a chance to come to fruition. First the Cuban missile crisis, and then Lee Harvey Oswald, deferred any serious discussion of these ideas. In the aftermath of JFK's death, Robert McNamara emerged as the chief creator of strategic doctrine in the Johnson Administration. And McNamara was seized by the logic of Mutual Assured Destruction, believing that in a few years, when the Soviets achieved offensive parity, the futility of MAD would make disarmament inevitable.

The Soviets, for their part, went along reluctantly. By the late 1960s, however, they became aware of how the MAD strategy was eroding America's will. Suddenly, it seemed possible that the Americans really would not pursue strategic defense. It was even possible for the Soviets to envision and plan for a first strike of their own. With the signing of the ABM treaty in 1972, the Soviets codified the MAD doctrine that has made their buildup of nuclear weapons so effective.

The Reagan Doctrine enjoys even better technologies for defense than President Kennedy had in 1962. But it is based on principles similar to those outlined by Gromyko at the U.N.

In the first place, strategic defenses constitute a kind of "automatic arms control," as Reagan science adviser George Keyworth put it. An 80-percent-effective defense constitutes a reduction of an opponent's destructive capacity just as surely as an arms control treaty requiring an opponent to dismantle 80 percent of his force. Of course, that still leaves each side with thousands of warheads. But then, so did the Salt II treaty. According to MAD proponents, defenses must be "perfect" to have any utility, whereas pieces of paper need only represent a "first step" in the right direction. The Reagan Doctrine, as expounded by Keyworth and Weinberger, simply undoes that old double standard, and says that defenses should be evaluated on the same scale as treaties: In other words, are they moving us in the right direction?

Even more important, however, is the incentive effect set up by such defenses, no matter how imperfect they may be. The presence of U.S. Star Wars systems greatly argues for smaller Soviet expenditures on strategic missiles. Just as an 80 percent tax on widgets will tend to channel investment capital into products other than widgets, so too an 80 percent "tax" on Soviet missiles will lead the Soviets away from the massive buildup of missiles that they have undertaken since the 1960s.

Star Wars promises to inch us toward a world without nuclear weapons, and that is why the Soviets will fight it more bitterly than they have fought any American defense program in history.

Naturally the Soviets will do what they can to thwart such a system with various countermeasures, a number of which have been suggested by domestic critics of Star Wars. On the other hand, the United States will try to thwart those countermeasures and, over time, can expect to improve its defenses to catch more and more offensive weapons. And there are no cheap counters to the multilayer defense envisioned by Star Wars proponents. Overall, the rationale for building offensive weapons cannot be as strong in a world where defense is allowed, and this holds true whether the defenses under discussion are 1 percent effective, 50 percent effective, or 99.999 percent effective.

Furthermore, strategic defense can greatly ease what might be called the greatest sticking point of arms control today: verification. In the first place, a U.S. (Soviet) strategic defense reduces the advantages to the Soviets (the U.S.) from cheating. Facing an 80-percent effective defense, the Soviets might add 1,000 new warheads to their offensive force, but they would gain only 200 deliverable warheads for their effort.

Knowing this, moreover, the United States would have less to fear from Soviet cheating. Once our defenses are in place, the cost of responding to a Soviet offensive buildup is not building more offenses of our own, or even building a whole new defense. Rather, we would only need to add a few interceptors on the margin to an already existing defense. Thus, if the Soviets add 1,000 (very expensive) nuclear missiles, we need only add 1,000 or 2,000 (very inexpensive) non-nuclear interceptors in space or on the ground.

What good are all these incentives, however, if the world is still left armed to the teeth with offensive weapons, against which there is no final and perfect defense? The Brookings Institution provides the answer, saying that while leak-proof defense may not be feasible,

> other missions, for less-than-perfect defenses, are technically achievable and might be very useful. And missile-delivered nuclear weapons might indeed be rendered "impotent and obsolete," to use President Reagan's phrase in his speech March 1983 in the following sense: defenses might someday be possible for which each missile warhead added by the offense could be offset by defensive improvements of comparable or lesser cost. This would make marginal increases in missile forces unattractive to the offense, and ballistic missiles would be "obsolete" . . .

Indeed, unlike the SALT treaties, such dynamics do not at all depend on U.S.-Soviet cooperation to limit arms. Defense-protected build-down thus not only would enhance the prospects for signed, formal treaties, but would function as a kind of "arms control without agreements," as Kenneth Adelman has argued in *Foreign Affairs*.

By contrast, it is hard to imagine any arms control treaty without defense achieving anything useful. Gary Hart, writing in the bulletin of the Arms Control Association last year, suggested that nothing short of "demand-style, on-site inspection" would suffice. But the Soviets will not agree to that.

If they did, even "on-site" inspection would not cover the very kinds of weapons that both superpowers are now concentrating on building. As Geraldine Ferraro admitted this fall on "Nightline," a "comprehensive, verifiable nuclear freeze" is an oxymoron, since the better part of U.S. and Soviet forces are sufficiently small and mobile—sub-launched and bomber-launched cruise missiles, small intercontinental and theater missiles, and the like—as to be undetectable. One general illustrated the problem well not long ago when he took a group of journalists into his office and walked into a closet—emerging with several true-to-scale cruise missiles. "How do you verify these?" he asked the reporters. Silence.

One of the more persuasive arguments against Mr. Reagan's Star Wars plan and its concomitant arms control strategy is that a U.S. defense would deal a severe blow to the East-West balance of power. Star Wars truly would cancel out years of Soviet investment in ICBMs, about 90 percent of the Soviet force. And combined with better air defenses against Soviet bombers and better anti-sub techniques and civil defense, U.S. defenses could arguably leave Moscow vulnerable to a first strike. In a world in which the Soviets still have substantial forces, such "destabilization" is not a neglible consideration.

But this merely illustrates a final advantage of the Reagan Doctrine, one that should be particularly compelling for those on the left. Precisely because Star Wars would greatly enhance U.S. power, it would leave the U.S. in a position to make unilateral gestures toward the Soviets. After all, one thousand survivable missiles are of much greater deterrent value than five thousand vulnerable ones. Suppose the United States deploys an 80-percent effective defense that the Soviets cannot match, either with a defense of their own or with an equivalent offensive buildup. As that system is completed, the United States could unilaterally tear up half, or more, of its offensive missile force—and still be in a much more secure position vis-à-vis the Soviets.

It would be even better, however, if the Soviets moved to deploy similar systems. In that case, each side would have greatly "built down" the destructive capacity of the other. Deterrence, far from being undermined, would still exist. But it would exist at a much lower level of destruction, and with much greater uncertainties about the success of any attack.[1]

For some reason, the left never makes this argument. No liberal of note has argued in favor of Mr. Reagan's Star Wars program provided it be accompanied by offensive reductions. More typical has been the response of such leading Democrats as John Glenn who have spoken out against Star Wars while voting in favor of the MX. Those who do support the President's program in some way, such as Messrs. Krauthammer and Brzezinski, do so only to the extent that strategic defense is viewed not as a way of protecting people, but only as a defense of offensive missile silos.

Why only a silo defense? Even imperfect defenses might save millions of lives in the event of war. They might prevent an all-out war in the event of an accidental launch, or a strike by a

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small nuclear power. Imperfect defenses also form a bridge to more perfect technologies in the future, even as cavemen found uses for the wheel several thousand years before the invention of the internal combustion engine. Does not an 80-percent effective defense constitute 80 percent of a 100-percent effective defense?

As both William F. Buckley and Irving Kristol have observed, one of the more interesting facets of the Star Wars debate is the virulent, monolithic determination of the American left to believe that there is no chance of defending America. What most surprises, according to Buckley, is that so many prefer not even to hope for such a development.

As I see it, the problem with the arms control movement is just that: It is an arms control movement, not a disarmament movement. The two, after all, are not the same. Indeed, such groups as the Harvard Nuclear Study Project have been at great pains to argue that disarmament is an unrealistic objective, that the world must "learn to live with nuclear weapons." To do this, the Harvard group argues, we must discard the pipe dreams of defense and of disarmament, and seek as our objective a world in which the U.S. and the Soviet Union agree to freeze their strategic arsenal at some agreed-on, stable level. In other words, we must have *as our goal* perpetual nuclear stalemate. By this thinking, MAD is not a stopgap policy or a second-best means of keeping the peace until defense or disarmament is possible. It is an end in itself.

Most of what has been exalted as "arms control" since the 1960s has been a vain set of squabbles over relatively secondary objectives.

Such nonsense led Jonathan Schell, in his second book, *The Abolition*,[2] to break ranks with the mainstream arms control movement. After all, Schell asked, can we expect to "live" with such arsenals forever without eventually using them? The hope that that situation will never produce a war is no hope at all. For making this common-sense point, Schell's major thesis was roundly rejected by Paul Warnke, Jimmy Carter's arms negotiator and probably the dean of the MAD-is-good school. Writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, Mr. Warnke called the idea of total disarmament "incompatible" with arms control, indeed "alarming."

Most rank-and-file freeze supporters would side with Mr. Schell. So, too, do a growing number of politicians on the left and right. Both hardliner Rep. Jim Courter and dovish Rep. Les Aspin have expressed an interest in proceeding with Star Wars while paring offensive systems that Star Wars would make unnecessary. And so, ironically, does Mr. Reagan, who persistently points to complete nuclear disarmament and not mere "arms control" as the goal of negotiations. Why, then, do Warnke, Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, and the rest of the arms control establishment so doggedly insist that MAD is the supreme objective?

In one sense, they cling to MAD because it keeps them in business. Just as the poverty worker has a kind of interest in the continuation of poverty, the arms negotiator has an interest in the continuation of MAD. If the world is somehow made substantially safer from nuclear weapons, Warnke and McNamara suddenly become much less important people. This is not to say that these men oppose such ambitious solutions as defense and disarmament out of a sinister desire to maintain their own standing. But it is only natural to regard what you've been doing the last twenty years of your life as important.

But if we clearly state that the goal of arms talks and weapons deployments is to make nuclear weapons "obsolete," then it becomes clear that most of what has been exalted as "arms control" since the 1960s has been essentially a vain set of squabbles over relatively secondary objectives. This is so not because men such as Paul Warnke and Henry Kissinger are dupes, but because they have been laboring under a framework that cannot produce success. We might even say that arms control, by repeatedly focusing on short-term gimmicks and objectives and debates, has actually distracted the world from the only real solutions to the nuclear threat. We have argued and niggled over this many nuclear missiles or that many ABM interceptors, seeking after limits on systems that cannot be verified or can be verified but are not worth limiting—all without getting any closer to the real objective. We haggle over the next step without even asking whether it is a step in the right direction.

One party has a compelling interest in all this: the Soviet Union. After all, the supreme argument of arms controllers is that the Soviets and the United States have a mutual interest in limiting nuclear arms. But do they? In a chilling column in the *New York Times*, Harvard's Nick Eberstadt challenged that assertion, asking readers to "imagine what the world would be like" if the U.S. and the Soviets were suddenly able to abolish nuclear weapons. Would the Soviets remain a serious international power? Would Moscow be able to compel Poland, East Germany, and Hungary to remain in the empire? Would Americans or most Europeans much care what the Soviet position was on any issue? Would the Chinese be content to engage in mere border skirmishes, or would they advance on the historically successful conquerer's road to Moscow—from the East? In short, would the Soviets be anything but a second-rate power?

In a vague, inchoate way the American left understands this, which more than anything else accounts for its deep psychological resistance to anything other than the prospect of continual arms negotiations with the Soviet Union. Nuclear weapons, Phil Nicolaides once observed, are like a bright light, to which the West reacts like a frightened animal in the dark—frozen with fear, unable to move while the Soviet Union points the paralyzing lamp in its face. The connection is so deeply imbedded it no longer even has to be stated: The *New York Times* doesn't say we can't aid the freedom fighters in Nicaragua because it might lead to a nuclear war; it simply calls the policy "dangerous" and "provocative," and our imagination supplies the rest.

Of course the one thing worse for the Soviets than a world in which both superpowers are free of the threat of nuclear annihilation is a world in which only the United States is. That is why Moscow will, eventually, be willing to go along with a U.S. Star Wars program as the basis for genuine arms control. It has no choice. With Star Wars, Mr. Reagan, like Bernhard Goetz, can now take the law into his own hands.

For what Star Wars promises is to inch us, ever so tenuously, toward a world without nuclear weapons, and that is why the Soviets, who have no interest in such a world, will fight it more bitterly than they have fought any American defense program in history. And yet, provided it is clearly and persistently explained, the Reagan Doctrine is well armed to resist any attack that can be launched against it.

The scientific argument against Star Wars will be repeated ad nauseam. But it will prove increasingly impotent, in part because such Star Wars advocates as George Keyworth, Daniel O. Graham, and Robert Jastrow have done a good job of swatting down the arguments of Carl Sagan, Ashton Carter, and other MAD enthusiasts, which have little to do with strategic defense. The Union of Concerned Scientists, for example, begins its 100-page plus attack on Star Wars with

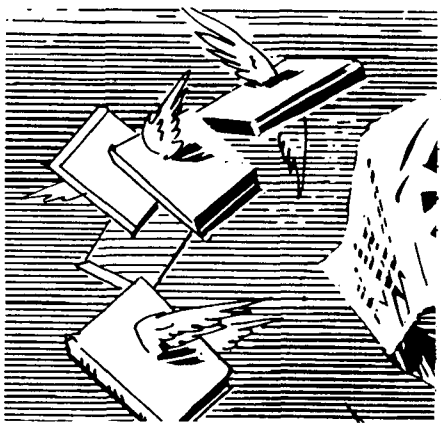
[1]In an article in the January 21 *New Republic*, Charles Krauthammer examines what would happen if in fact the U.S. and the Soviet Union both established "elaborate, say 99-percent effective defenses" while continuing to beef up the accuracy and quantity of their missiles. Though his article is otherwise brilliant, Krauthammer makes several conceptual errors which lead him to conclude such a situation would be undesirable.

On a technical level, he describes such defenses as "highly vulnerable." This is not true if they are designed correctly; a defensive satellite that can shoot down ICBMs can also shoot down anti-satellite weapons aimed at the satellite itself. What really will be vulnerable are U.S. early-warning and other satellites if we do not build a Star Wars defense. More important, though, any attack on a multilayer spaceborne defense would take between several hours and several weeks to complete. Thus if our strategic defense is under attack, we will have ample warning to put our offensive systems on alert, making a Soviet first strike unachievable—even if our offensive force is much smaller than today.

Furthermore, Krauthammer argues that such a defense "might break down." Well, individual components might. And this might render a defense only 80-percent, or 70-percent, effective. But this, far from weakening deterrence, strengthens it. An attacking country must assume an opponent's defenses will work at peak effectiveness. He must also make a modest estimate of how effective his own defenses would be. You do not launch a nuclear war, after all, without any margin of conceptual safety. Thus the inherent imperfection of defense is an asset, not a liability, deterring a nuclear attack both because your opponent's defense might work really well and because your own might not. In the nuclear age, it is offense, not defense, that must be "perfect."

Indeed, most broadly, Krauthammer confuses deterrence with MAD, a special case of deterrence. Like many, he actually uses the terms as if they were interchangeable. Under MAD, it is the threat to obliterate an opponent that deters, and the more certain an opponent is of your capability and intentions, the better. Deterrence, on the other hand, can exist at any level of destruction. All that counts is that your opponent calculate that he has more to lose by attacking than he is likely to gain. Any move away from the threat of total destruction is "destabilizing" and threatens MAD, but it need not threaten deterrence.

[2]Knopf, $11.95.



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the straightforward statement that it seeks to evaluate only a "total" ballistic missile defense. It goes on to assert that to be leak-proof, such a defense must catch all missiles in the "boost phase," i.e., within minutes of firing. A criterion of this sort makes it easy to argue that strategic defense is unworkable. Indeed, the scientific critique of Star Wars is just another variant of the MAD argument that defenses must be "perfect" to have utility.[3]

A more serious stumbling block to Star Wars has to do with the long lead time envisioned by the Administration. Even with its dramatically improved explanation of the program in recent months, the Reagan team plans to spend $25-to-$50 billion on research and development alone, stretching the first deployment until well in the 1990s. Will Star Wars still be popular eight years from now, when the American people find they have spent $50 billion and are not an inch closer to actual defense?

Robert Jastrow argues the program can survive even such momentous delays; Daniel Graham thinks not. History, and common sense, alas, are with Graham's assessment that the present mega-year program will not survive the yearly budget assault of Congress. If a fifteen-year, business-as-usual procurement cycle governs Star Wars as it has the MX and B-1 bomber, the program could be doomed, and perhaps rightly so: By the time the Pentagon (with the usual kibbitzing from Congress) has over-designed and over-built today's emerging defensive technologies, the systems that result may well not be worth building.

Happily, the Administration has of late been inching towards the Graham model, though without giving its feisty author any credit. In recent congressional testimony, Fred Iklé, a top Weinberger aide, argued that "interim" Star Wars systems could be deployed much sooner on the road to future, more hi-tech layers. Even George Shultz said in January that the Administration might consider a deployment scheme to begin "by 1989."

The final threat to the Reagan arms control doctrine, of course, is arms control itself. Patrick Buchanan framed the problem with characteristic concision in a recent telephone conversation: "What if the Soviets offer to trade away 2,000 missile warheads if we don't build Star Wars? Can Reagan resist an offer like that?"

The correct answer to such an offer is not hard to discern. Mr. Reagan simply tells the Soviets, "Thank you for the offer, but we're not giving up Star Wars. Tell you what: We'll go ahead with that program, and *we'll* tear up the 2,000 warheads." It is not clear, however, whether Mr. Reagan would be prepared to give this answer. Yet, there are good reasons to think that when push comes to shove, he will stick with strategic defense.

The chief reason is Mr. Reagan himself. He knows history will not much value him for signing yet another meaningless treaty with the Evil Empire. But the President who defended America, who ushered in the beginning of the end of the nuclear age—such a President would rank with Churchill, FDR, and Abraham Lincoln. That is the company Mr. Reagan is shooting for, if he can steer his Star Wars program through the coming months of fury. □

[3]In recent articles, the UCS and other Star Wars critics have attempted to portray this case for less-than-perfect defense as a kind of fall-back position. There is no merit to such charges. In a *Wall Street Journal* article the day after Mr. Reagan's 1983 speech, Gen. Graham and I straightforwardly conceded that there is "no such thing as a perfect defense." We went on to explain there is also no "perfect" defense against the crossbow—a weapon which is nevertheless obsolete because defensive technologies against it are good enough to make crossbows a bad investment for the military planner, just as nuclear weapons will someday become a bad investment if defenses against them are allowed.

George Gilder

THE MURRAY IMBROGLIO

Charles Murray's inexcusable good deeds.

Charles Murray's *Losing Ground*[1] is an utter outrage. On every page it reeks of a callous and unconscionable lack of compassion for the poor and afflicted men and women of America who have devoted their entire lives to the welfare state and derive their self-image and meager status almost entirely from it. Many of these people are virtually illiterate; many are culturally deprived; many are handicapped by crippling mental disorders; some are lawyers or even socialists. Murray would cast them all out into the market place to fend for themselves, begging for assistance from private foundations and charities or angling for MacArthur fellowships.

He even goes to the extreme of proposing that these victims of society—with educations consisting mostly of a few Marxist phrases, a few static regression formulas, and an unintelligible jargon—go to work for a living. But just because these liberal activists and teachers of social work and editorial writers and professors of urban affairs and poverty professionals and leftist clerics and researchers in women's studies possess advanced degrees, we should not imagine that they are capable of making a complicated sandwich, or handling dangerous chemicals in a dry-cleaning shop, or parking a truck in the garment district, or cooking a hamburger medium rare, or making beds at a motel under pressure from new arrivals, among the jobs to which Murray's outlandish ideas would abandon them. Murray's cruelty to some of the most intellectually debilitated of Americans—many of them Ivy League graduates without so much as a belief in God or a glint of practical understanding of their fellow man to sustain them—is deeply reprehensible and he should be punished for it. The reader therefore will be delighted to learn of the fiendishly appropriate penalty he is now suffering.

In previous eras, Murray would presumably have been hanged for his heresies, or burned at the stake, or at least flogged and pilloried in a public

[1]*Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980,* Basic Books, $23.95.

George Gilder is the author of Wealth and Poverty *(Basic Books) and* The Spirit of Enterprise *(Simon and Schuster).*

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square. In these permissive times, however, he is allowed to go free, propagating pain and misery wherever he wishes. Yet just as modern jails with their routine homosexual rapes and beatings are crueller by far than the whippings and amputations of the past, so modern punishment for the criminal heretic is probably harder to endure than the fate of Galileo or Joan of Arc.

Murray today, I am pleased to say, is being forced to submit to prolonged assault at the hands of the very mental incompetents he would dismiss to the streets, as they flail his book relentlessly in all the most distinguished American publications. In a kind of Chinese wet noodle torture, he must watch as his work is caricatured, misrepresented, derided, and abused by limp-minded and lame-prosed critics who are demonstrably unable either to read or comprehend it, let alone deal intelligently with his overwhelming arguments.

For make no mistake, Murray has unleashed the most devastating sustained attack ever made against the welfare state. His book is not better written or more rigorously argued than Edward Banfield's classic *The Unheavenly City.* But Murray has access to more than a decade of new empirical data and shows somewhat greater sensitivity than Banfield to the actual texture of the life of the poor. Murray does not offer the encyclopedic insights from history, economics, and social theory of a Thomas Sowell or an Irving Kristol. For some strange reason, he does not even cite Sowell's canonical works on the subject—*Black Education: Myths and Tragedies, Knowledge and Decisions,* and *The Politics and Economics of Race.* In fact, most of his ideas were anticipated by Sowell and Kristol, plus Banfield, Warren Brookes, and Jay Forrester, among others.

But Murray has focused with far more devastating clarity and tenacity on the details of the recent U.S. experience. It is Murray, once a sympathetic professional evaluator of the results of Great Society programs and currently a senior research fellow at the Manhattan Institute, who has finally and unanswerably demolished both the moral and practical claims of the welfare state.

Losing Ground reads in part like a mystery story. In it, the detective solves the crime of the century in America: the intensification and exacerbation of poverty—the spread of despair and depravity, crime and addiction—despite a twentyfold real increase in outlays for the poor. He begins by presenting a *corpus delicti*: a body of data showing beyond question that a crime was committed, that the poor in 1980 were far worse off by virtually every significant measure, from scholastic aptitude test scores to unemployment, crime, dependency, and family breakdown, than they were in 1950. Then he determines the date of the crime. He shows that all the indices of the condition of the poor, particularly among the new generation, began worsening drastically in the mid-1960s. Finally he identifies the weapons: the specific social programs and elite attitudes that gravely and permanently exacerbated poverty in the effort to combat it.

He even offers several improvements on the theoretical arguments of his precursors in the field. He trenchantly demonstrates that the redistributive efforts of liberalism almost entirely fail in their effort to take from the rich and give to the poor. Instead these programs chiefly take status and services from other poor people and give them to the most unworthy. When teenaged thugs are permitted to disrupt classrooms and attack the dutiful students, with no fear of suspension, no middle- or upper-class child is hurt; in fact, the established rich face less challenge from below. The victims are talented classmates condemned to bad education. When the indolent and promiscuous are granted "nonjudgmental" aid, the victims are the hard workers and the faithful husbands and wives who are deprived of status and respect for their moral superiority and are undermined in their noble attempts to raise their children to be responsible citizens. When affirmative action renders suspect the credentials of responsible blacks, the victims are the hard workers or honest students.

Murray also elaborates incisively on Martin Anderson's paradoxes of social policy. In his valuable *Welfare*, the former Reagan aide showed that no major welfare reform can "simultaneously yield [adequate] minimum levels of welfare benefits, financial incentives to work, and an overall cost to the taxpayers that are politically acceptable." The effective marginal tax rates in the program (the combination of forgone benefits and incurred taxes as the recipient gets a job) may be set low enough to preserve work incentives. But then the system will have to keep supplementing earnings at such high income levels that the benefits will encompass most of the population and the costs will be unacceptable. If the costs are held down, the work incentives must be eliminated or the minimum benefit must be too low to be politically acceptable. As Anderson, and Edgar Browning before him, showed, when any two of the three basic elements—minimum benefit levels, implicit tax rates, and cost—are set at acceptable levels, the remaining element becomes politically unacceptable.

To this set of constraints, Murray adds three more: the principle of imperfect selection (which means that any program, however generously designed, will necessarily leave many more worthy claimants uncovered and thus exert pressure for expansion); the principle of unintended rewards (any program will also necessarily provide benefits to unworthy or unintended free riders); and the law of net harm (most such programs hurt more people than they help).

In a kind of Chinese wet noodle torture, Murray must watch as his work is caricatured, misrepresented, derided, and abused by limp-minded and lame-prosed critics.

These principles of social policy emerge in part from Murray's fascinating parable of the one-billion-dollar anti-cigarette campaign: a powerful analogy that is one of the high points of the book and will become a staple of social science teaching in the future. In it, he poses the problem of designing a set of financial rewards that will durably stop people from smoking. After convincingly detailing many of the problems—of eligibility for the program, the preconditions for receiving its benefits, and the size of the reward—he arrives at an apparently optimal scheme. It would grant prizes of $10,000 to all five-year smokers of a pack or more a day who give up smoking for at least a year.

Murray shows that this scheme, or any like it, would not only fail to reduce smoking: It would reliably increase the number of smokers and number of cigarettes consumed. Among the five percent of the population already eligible for the program, the reward would indeed reduce smoking (though it would also reward some who would have stopped anyway). The problem is that the prize would increase the appeal of smoking for the 95 percent of the population that has not yet qualified by smoking a pack a day for five years. All the four-year smokers and the fifteen-cigarette-a-day smokers and the young beginning smokers and tentative nonsmokers would receive an additional incentive to increase their cigarette consumption.

Like Anderson's welfare paradoxes, Murray's problem cannot be circumvented by changing the rules of the program. Unless it is a one-shot prize—hardly a permanent or politically acceptable solution—it will dependably increase smoking. Any reward sufficient to induce a significant number of people to change their behavior for the good will also be sufficient to induce a larger number to change their behavior for the worse to qualify for the benefits. In every case, moreover, the target population will tend to be much smaller than the unintentionally affected group.

A similar perplex afflicts all programs to relieve any condition that most of the population can easily choose to adopt. Unfortunately, such conditions include—to varying degrees—most of the current targets of social policy. For example, unemployment, poverty, illegitimacy, and marital breakdown are obvious cases of voluntarily achievable afflictions; disability and even disease are less obvious but nonetheless relevant problems, in that they may be made more prevalent by the vast governmental attempts to relieve their effects.

Murray does not conclude that all social programs do more harm than good. He endorses Social Security benefits and unemployment insurance, for example, despite their effect in promoting early retirement and causing or extending unemployment. But he does not shrink from the implication of his argument that most of the current welfare state is counterproductive.

The critics obviously could not ignore such a book. But nothing should be so encouraging to Murray as the utter fecklessness of most of his attackers. Jodie Allen, a veteran at HEW now shifted to the *Washington Post*, offered a particularly impressive show of the kind of statistical tricks used by most of the old poverty hands in their effort to answer Murray. First she contends that welfare spending on the able-bodied poor has declined since 1970. AFDC benefits dropped by 40 percent in real terms, food stamps made up only "part of the loss," and Medicaid went mostly to the indigent elderly and long-term disabled. Moreover, she concludes, when welfare payments were actually rising—in the late 1960s—poverty dropped; when welfare dropped later, poverty rose again.

This argument is pure smoke. Much of the admittedly huge welfare increase of the late sixties—during the greatest job boom of the postwar era—had its

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worst effects in the 1970s. In addition, surging increases in food stamps and other programs meant that the decline in real benefits in the 1970s was insignificant. Meanwhile, as Murray stresses, the conditions for granting aid were dramatically loosened. The man-in-the-house rule was abandoned, AFDC was granted to poor families with an employed father, state residency requirements were struck down, work by recipients was permitted under the "thirty and a third provision," and unannounced eligibility investigations were restricted.

Allen goes on to argue that after the surge in the caseload of the late 1960s, the numbers stopped growing, in general merely "bobbing up and down with the business cycle." In fact, they did go up. Numbers, however, are not the key problem. The problem is the dreadful pathology of the ghetto—crime, youth unemployment, illegitimacy, fatherless families. These problems all remained at the intolerable levels fostered by the explosion of social spending under the Great Society.

She also points out, irrelevantly, that childbearing among teenagers has declined since a peak in the late 1950s. But it is only childbearing out of wedlock that qualifies the mother instantly for welfare. Illegitimacy has continued to climb, to the point that nearly all births in the welfare culture are now out of wedlock. Since a point of saturation has been reached, particularly among blacks, this proportion is no longer rising among blacks as fast as among whites who have had less previous exposure to welfare rules and incentives.

Allen also argues that recent studies show no relation between the level of welfare benefits and the incidence of fatherless families. The problem here is that the level of AFDC benefits alone is a relatively unimportant cause of the welfare pathology. In states where benefits are low, particularly in the South, the increasing availability and renown of food stamps, Medicaid, and housing subsidies and the increasing outreach efforts of the welfare state—as well as the attractiveness of the benefit package relative to the lower pay in available Southern jobs—overwhelmed the lesser AFDC payments themselves as an incentive. The chief effect of War on Poverty and Great Society programs, after all, was to homogenize and nationalize the welfare state. This change was more dramatic in the South than in liberal Northern states.

In any case, the entire attempt to deny the significance of the welfare children of black and white single teenagers reveals a truly incredible blindness on the part of leading welfare experts. The long rising rate of illegitimacy and family disorder in the upper classes is a minuscule problem compared to the plague in the ghetto. It is a way of distracting attention from a national tragedy in order to comfort and shield its ideological instigators. Similarly, the endless leftist citations of "welfare for rich corporations"—which indeed impose a greater *economic* burden than AFDC—are irrelevant to the personal impact of welfare on the lives and prospects of poor people. In the face of a 55-percent illegitimacy rate among American blacks in 1980—and a rate near 100 percent in the welfare culture—it is difficult to imagine how the situation could be worse. As Murray points out, there was a drastic drop in fertility between 1965 and 1970 in nearly every American age group except single black and white teenagers. American black teenagers in 1980, in fact, had the highest fertility rate among thirty-two populations surveyed by the U.N. in the developed world, 37 percent ahead of the second place Arab Israelis.

As Murray writes:

> When we speak of single teenagers with babies, we are speaking of young women who are experiencing all the problems that go with adolescence in late twentieth-century America. In addition, they most commonly have little money, little education, no job, and no permanent partner to help make up for the financial and psychological deficits. The lives of such young women are irretrievably changed by the fact of their single motherhood—education, access to a job ladder, and simple freedom to mature without the pressures of raising a child are made extraordinarily more difficult. The lives of their children are affected as decisively—not just because of the stigma that continues to attach to illegitimacy, but because poor, uneducated, single teenaged mothers are in a bad position to raise children, however much they may love them. . . . Low birth weight (less than 5 pounds) is a predictor of a wide variety of health problems in infants, including many permanent physical and mental handicaps. Low birth weight is also associated with the age of the mother. . . . The radical change in the composition of the childbearing population among blacks may have contributed to an increase from 10.4 to 11.5 percent in the proportion of low birth weight newborns from 1950 to 1980, despite great progress in the technology of prenatal and infant care during the intervening years. During the same period the white percentage of low birth weight newborns dropped from 7.2 to 5.7.

Allen's point about the decline of poverty as welfare rose is also irrelevant. Not only does she distort the data, which shows that by any measure poverty rose, but at best she resorts to tautology, claiming that welfare payments reduce poverty defined by income (i.e., chiefly welfare payments). Although Murray errs by paying too much attention to the ridiculous charade of "poverty lines," he does show that the payments simultaneously increase "latent poverty" and all the cultural problems associated with dependency.

If Murray's work is implicitly confirmed by the fecklessness of most of his critics, he also should be proud of prompting liberal Nicholas Lemann to do a critique in the *New Republic* that can stand as one of the most subtle and sophisticated articles ever to appear in that magazine. This surprising achievement by Lemann, a writer addled by liberal clichés on most issues, is probably attributable to his extensive direct research in the ghetto, interviewing widely among welfare families for an excellent series in the *Washington Post* (which received less attention than Janet Cooke's more imaginative work).

After an incisive exposition of Murray's arguments—and a trenchant critique of Michael Harrington's *The New American Poverty*[2]—Lemann points to a more promising line of liberal analysis. "The next step," he writes, "is to question the immutability of the law of incentives, and there is much evidence with which to do so. Why, if a welfare state must create an underclass, doesn't every industrial nation have the same sad story that Murray tells about ours? . . . Farm payments entice Iowans to become farmers and unemployment insurance supports a whole community of aspiring actors in New York—why hasn't broad social decay afflicted those subcultures?"

These and other of Lemann's questions bespeak an understandable anxiety about the implications of some of Murray's analysis. Many critics charged Murray with using a concept of *homo economicus*, the notion that most human behavior is rigidly governed by a cost-benefit calculus. The easy answer is that conservatives never imagined or claimed that such incentives were always dominant. Very often they are countervailed by cultural or religious influences. But when such incentives are massively changed—as they were in the U.S. in the late 1960s—they will exert a decisive impact on the most vulnerable populations, such as the teenaged poor. Thus changes in incentives, however ineffectual in any particular case, will generate important effects on the most impressionable margins of society.

With the almost total dissolution of family responsibilities among the new generation of the black poor, one might expect some of the architects and advocates of the Great Society to rethink their positions. But incredibly enough, most of the leading experts can look on the wreckage their programs have wrought and call for more. Michael Harrington, still babbling Marxist inanities, thinks all would have been well if the War on Poverty had had an additional $40 billion or so to spend. Sheldon Danziger, a leading economist at Wisconsin's Institute for Research on Poverty—a fount of data on which Murray often relies—remains totally unrepentant. In an interview with the *Boston Globe*'s estimable David Warsh—and at a two-day conference held by the Manhattan Institute—he maintained that the problem with the Great Society was inadequate funds for the poor.

Danziger blithely concedes that the programs dispensing the existing funds "all had documented negative side effects in terms of reducing incentives to work and keep the family together." But in a statement that should gain for him an eminence in the catalogue of callousness next to Marie Antoinette, Danziger declared: "My feeling is that it was worth it." Malcolm Klein, a psychologist at the Manhattan Institute conclave, even saw benefits in the black

[2]To be reviewed in *TAS* by Thomas Main. —*Ed.*

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plague of family disorders. "We all know that the worst damage to children comes when fractious families are kept together." Thus he brings to bear the perspective of a suburban Dr. Pangloss to a welfare wasteland where virtually no families are formed or perpetuated.

This kind of response, however, illustrates the one significant flaw in Murray's work. His critics can downplay the divorces, separations, and out-of-wedlock births in part because Murray fails to stress the centrality of family breakdown in causing all the other pathologies of the ghetto, from the ravages of crime and addiction to the spread of indolence and unemployment among the youth.

If the problem of the welfare state could be reduced to a simple matter of economic, educational, and legal incentives, the situation could indeed be readily rectified in the ways that neoconservative critics such as James Q. Wilson and Lawrence Mead suggest: work requirements, child support garnishes, police crackdowns, and back-to-basics educational reforms. The problem is that the programs Murray so brilliantly attacks were worse than he thought because by obviating or destroying an entire generation of ghetto families, they destroyed the preconditions of success for his own decentralized solutions.

The female-headed units that remain are first of all incapable of lifting anyone from poverty. But they also inevitably fail in disciplining their male offspring and serve to cut off an entire generation of older black men from the familial continuities of civilized life. Like Banfield before him, Murray at the Manhattan Institute conference foundered on the question of just why these ghetto youths lack the long-term visions that sustain middle-class society. Thus he, like Banfield, left himself open to the charge that these black men, indeed all of the underclass, are constitutionally governed by immediate incentives and temptations.

Although Murray repeatedly denies it in his book, he leaves open the possibility that the poor are different from us and inevitably in need of special treatment. The fact is, however, that nearly all men gain their links to the future, their long-term rationality, through connections with specific children, and those children, particularly the boys, gain their links to adult civilization through the examples and disciplines of responsible fathers. In this respect, the poor are no different from the offspring of upper-class broken families, who wander from job to job, woman to woman, without long-term goals or visions until they marry and settle down providing for a family.

Like Edward Banfield before him, Murray foundered on the question of just why these ghetto youths lack the long-term visions that sustain middle-class society.

From this perspective, some of the anomalies that perplex Lemann can be understood. The welfare state does not cause the kind of pathologies we see in the American ghetto except to the extent it destroys the fabric of families by penalizing their formation or by presuming the incapacity of poor men to support them. The United States competes with Sweden for the title of the world's most destructive welfare state because both countries, in a fever of unisex fantasies and anti-family subsidies, deny the sex roles and financial provisions on which families depend.

In the U.S., all the net income tax increases since the Second World War have fallen on families with children. This destructive shift in the burdens of government stems from the effective dissolution of the value of the child deduction, which would be worth $6,000 today if it had risen apace with inflation and incomes since the early 1950s. Meanwhile, the cost of raising children has soared well ahead of inflation; and the benefits of the welfare state, rising some twentyfold, have gone to broken families, to two-income households, and to individuals without children. It is this interplay of taxes and benefits that mostly explains the rush of mothers into the work force, the outbreaks of illegitimacy and divorce, and the decline in fertility among all women outside the embrace of the welfare state.

On both the right and the left and within the Reagan White House, students of the problem are moving toward a reasonable remedy: the creation of a program of child allowances, in one form or another—usually a monthly payment—for all families with children. It is no panacea; Sweden swamps its own program with massive contrary incentives for sexual liberation. But such a system, which exists in most other industrial nations, from Canada to Japan, would go far toward reversing the mistakes of the 1960s.

Conservative Joseph Piccone presented the case for such allowances in a monograph available from the Free Congress Foundation. David Stockman was a powerful advocate of this policy while he served in Congress, and several other White House officials, including the President, have expressed interest in the idea. Daniel Patrick Moynihan was an eloquent supporter of child allowances before he entered the apparently stultifying precincts of the U.S. Senate. Now Robert Kuttner, one of the brightest of the left-wing diehards and strongest of Murray's critics, has published a book, *The Economic Illusion*,[3] that also sings the virtues of this approach to social policy.

Kuttner's book itself is full of economic illusions. For example, he repeatedly celebrates the performance of the Austrian economy during the 1970s, and attacks supply-side tax cuts, without once mentioning that in the mid-1970s Austria enacted the world's most aggressive recent supply-side program, reducing personal tax rates by one-third in two years. Kuttner also acclaims the social successes of Sweden's welfare state without mentioning that this white-middle-class haven now boasts not only the world's lowest marriage and birth rates but also the world's highest illegitimacy rate, some 40 percent of all live births according to U.N. data. But Kuttner does understand that the crucial problem of the U.S. welfare state is its patronizing focus on the qualified or qualifiable poor. The reason the U.S. faces such serious social problems compared to the French, Germans, and Japanese, is the absence of child allowance or other support for child-raising families, while the welfare state offers a bonanza of benefits for all forms of fatherlessness.

What Kuttner fails to understand, however, is that the European social democracies, distributing bounties for nearly everyone with a pain or a problem, have massively multiplied both pains and problems. Europe is now suffering from a final crisis of the welfare state, its skies dark with crisscrossing transfer payments and its economies schlerotic with union rules and government subsidies. The European Economic Community, in a veritable fever of government "job-creation" and technology promotion, has created virtually no net new jobs in a decade and has fallen ever farther behind the United States in the very high technologies most favored by their industrial policies.

The U.S. can escape such a plight by cutting marginal tax rates, retrenching today's governmental excesses, and reorienting its welfare state toward supporting families with children. These families are providing the very foundation for the future of the U.S. economy. In this effort, everyone in government should begin by reading Murray's superb book. For only if the illusions of the past are firmly rejected can we move effectively toward sound social and economic policies.

Just as important, it will be crucial for church officials to read Murray. For the problems of the American poor are most fundamentally moral and spiritual. As Margaret Mead has insisted, stable families—with long-time horizons and a resistance to the buffeting of life's inevitable troubles—ultimately depend, in all societies, on the reinforcement of religious beliefs and ceremonies. This is the final law of net harm in the welfare state. For without a strong religious culture, a secular bureaucracy, with its rationalizing ethic, erodes the very foundations of family life and thus creates the very moral chaos it ostensibly combats. A further American perplexity is why so many church leaders have abandoned their role giving moral and spiritual guidance to the poor and instead have become shills for the demoralizing materialism of the welfare state. □

[3]To be reviewed next month in *TAS* by Stephen Chapman. —*Ed.*

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Franz M. Oppenheimer

THE BANKING REVOLUTION

As banking outgrows the New Deal, Congress has to face the future.

And always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse
—Hilaire Belloc

The Lesson of Continental Illinois

Like necessity, stupidity and wickedness know no law. No laws or regulations could have prevented the fall of the Continental Illinois National Bank. It is now widely known that almost $5.5 billion or 16.7 percent of Continental's total commercial and industrial loans were oil and gas loans, and that about $1 billion of those loans were originally made by a small shopping center bank, Penn Square National Bank, of Oklahoma City, which had grown in five years from a $30 million to a $500 million bank thanks to lending practices that could have been inspired by the Marx Brothers. When Penn Square met its natural fate on July 5, 1982, Continental had some one billion dollars in bad loans from that source alone. The same slump in the oil and gas industries that had hastened the demise of Penn Square affected Continental's other oil and gas loans. The absence of stable deposit account customers—such as the neighborhood shoe store and the dentist down the street—which forced Continental to borrow money at high rates from foreign institutional investors, did the rest. Unlike small and medium depositors, institutional investors have their ears to the wind, and withdraw their deposits from a bank the moment that bank's name is mentioned by the rumor mills.

Without the crash of Penn Square, however, the rumor mills would have left Continental untouched. We know now that in the early seventies Continental's big Chicago competitor, First National Bank of Chicago, was in a similarly shaky condition, and Martin Mayer tells us in his book *The Money Bazaars*[1] that "Chase and Citibank had real troubles in 1974 . . . [and] that without the certainty of government help . . . [Citicorp] would have unraveled in the late 1970s, when its unanticipated $250-million dollar loss in its consumer ventures became more or less public knowledge, or in the early 1980s, when its ludicrous overexposure in Brazil (a country that had accounted for up to a tenth of its alleged profits . . .) became a subject of cocktail-party conversation." Perhaps—but there was less rather than more public knowledge then, and there are few cocktail parties where any banks become a subject of conversation. It takes the theatrics of a Penn Square crash and tales of Penn Square executives drinking champagne out of cowboy boots to cause real talk and runs on a bank. The facts are that "the certainty of government help" did not prevent Continental Illinois Bank from hemorrhaging, and there was not enough talk to create runs on Citicorp, Chase, or First National Bank of Chicago.

It is less widely known that John R. Lytle, the loan officer primarily responsible for Continental Illinois' purchases of worthless loans from Penn Square, had received from Penn Square a personal loan of $585,000. This gratuity was discovered by Continental's auditors in December 1981. According to the dashing loan officer, his superiors seemed "distressed" by this discovery. They debated from December until May about what should be done with him and then decided to punish but not to fire him. In the interim Lytle had saddled Continental with several hundred million dollars more of Penn Square loans.

The Continental Illinois disaster came at a time of revolution in the banking industry during which the relationship between banks and the public changed irrevocably. To hypothesize, as some do, that Continental's collapse was the result of that revolution or of underregulation is wrong. The lesson of Continental Illinois is that banking disasters are caused by bad bankers, not by a short supply of laws and regulations.

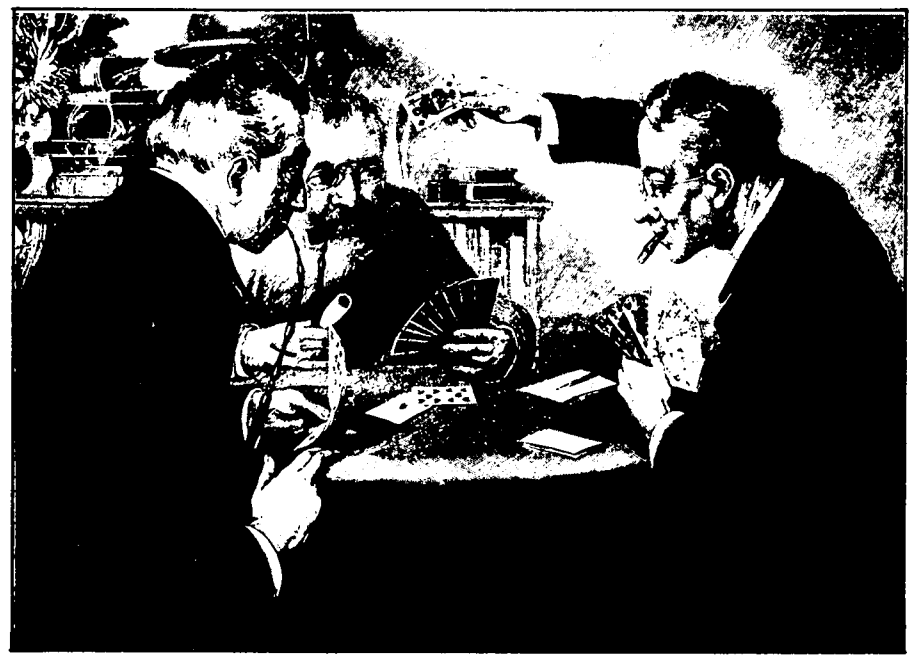
The Banking Revolution

The banking revolution is the first against any institutional framework bequeathed by the New Deal. The National Bank Act of 1933, known as the Glass-Steagall Act, separates investment banks, engaged largely in the issue and underwriting of publicly offered securities, from commercial banks, primarily engaged in making loans and maintaining checking accounts. The Bank Holding Company Act of 1956 prohibits bank holding companies from operating banks in more than one state, unless a state statute specifically invites them in, and from conducting commercial and industrial business unrelated to banking. These restrictions on the geographical reach and the business mix of banks seemed as solidly anchored in American life as driving on the right-hand side of the street.

Even as long as fifteen years ago, however, and perhaps earlier, the biggest American banks were busy all over the country. True, a businessman in San Francisco could not find a local branch of New York's Morgan Guaranty where he could stand in line to deposit a check or withdraw cash from his account. But a corporate treasurer could shift funds to, and withdraw funds from, his company's account in New York by telex or telephone. Nor did anything in the law prevent banks from having sales offices, known as loan production offices, wherever they wished; and they did have them all over the country. And young bank officers called on desirable customers everywhere to offer credits to them. Indeed more than ten years ago the Bank of America had more employees in New York than in San Francisco, where its head office is located.

Restrictions on the products and services banks may offer were more effective. Nevertheless, there were important areas of non-banking left open for banks: For instance, in the securities business, purportedly one of the principal forbidden areas, banks could underwrite federal and local government bonds, engage in the private

[1]Dutton, $22.50.



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placement of corporate securities (a method of distribution that has gained greatly in comparison with underwriting for public issues since the 1920s), and place orders for the buying and selling of securities on behalf of their customers, usually through their trust departments. Moreover, banks could engage in *all* investment banking activities abroad, including underwriting, through wholly-owned foreign subsidiaries (Edge Act Corporations).

There matters rested comfortably until a few years ago. Banks did not emphasize their permitted but conceivably extracurricular activities, nor did non-banks try to go into banking. As Martin Mayer says, it had "not been hard to make a buck in banking."

While it is impossible to pinpoint one single cause of historical developments, the West's surrender to the extortions of the international oil cartel in 1973 and the five-fold increase of energy prices that followed were probably responsible for bringing the halcyon days of tranquil American banking to an end. Again, it is impossible to say whether the inflation and the high interest rates of the seventies were solely caused by the oil cartel, but the increase in oil prices was certainly a necessary even if not a sufficient cause. In any event, the prime rate was 5.75 percent at the end of 1972 and had risen to 11.5 percent by May 1974. Moreover, high interest rates had apparently come to stay.

High interest rates in turn brought about a change in the psychology of individuals with cash. They had been content with the low interest ceilings that federal law had imposed on savings accounts until the arrival of double-digit interest payments. Now the difference between the return on savings to the rich, who could buy Treasury bills and other short-term securities in large denominations, and the non-rich, who could invest their mite only in low-yielding savings accounts, became unacceptable. In a free society pressures built up by such dissatisfactions shape the law and institutions; it is not the other way around. When the demand for a more just return on savings became no longer negligible, a demand to which the banks were by law prevented from responding, the securities industry found a way of meeting the demand. Securities firms like Merrill Lynch established money market mutual funds through which small savers could finally benefit from high interest rates. In addition, they permitted investors to withdraw cash from the funds by check. This was the beginning of the banking revolution, for the banks now had non-bank competitors which could in fact accept deposits and permit the transfer of depositors' money by check and yet were not subject to banking law. Moreover, the cash paid into money market mutual funds was not subject to the reserve requirements of the Federal Reserve System, which obligate banks to keep a fixed percentage of all deposits at a Federal Reserve Bank interest free.

Once the initial reluctance of non-banks to compete with banks had been overcome, the hallowed walls of separation crumbled quickly. "One of the more ominous developments . . . from the banks' point of view," writes Martin Mayer, "is the effort by Dean Witter to win the accounts of small businesses and professional offices." And he quotes a Dean Witter advertisement:

"Ordinarily as a small business, you cannot earn interest on balances in checking accounts. Now, your balances can be earning income with Dean Witter's new Active Assets Account for Businesses, Non-Profit Organizations and Institutions. . . . Need extra cash? Simply write a check or charge purchases on your VISA card—and a loan is automatically made against the marginal securities in your brokerage account. There's no application—no red tape. And *you* decide when and how much to repay."

Nor is this all: Dean Witter's parent Sears Roebuck & Co. also owns Coldwell Banker, a nationwide real estate broker, Allstate Savings & Loan, a California thrift institution, and Allstate Insurance Company. Hence Sears could place "financial service centers" in its stores, 130 of them by late 1983, where its customers can do business with their stockbroker and their real estate broker, buy mortgage-backed federally insured paper from Coldwell Banker, insurance from Allstate Insurance, and various government-insured Bank Certificates of Deposit from Dean Witter. For the latter Dean Witter is making a secondary market so that the investor can sell them back before their maturity.

The most recent development in the breakdown of the walls between banks and non-banks was the invention of the so called "nonbank bank" by Gulf Western in 1980. Like the invention of the wheel, the recognition of the potential of a nonbank bank was simple: All that was needed was a careful reading of the Bank Holding Company Act's definition of a bank under which a bank is an institution which takes demand deposits (checking accounts) *and* makes *commercial* loans, as opposed to loans to individuals for the financing of cars, houses, washing machines, vacations, and similar non-commercial objectives. Hence a bank that limits itself to offering checking accounts and consumer financing is not subject to the strictures of the Bank Holding Company Act, and thus can be owned by anybody and go anywhere.

The lesson of Continental Illinois is that banking disasters are caused by bad bankers, not by a short supply of laws and regulations.

The first securities firm to acquire such a nonbank bank was the mutual fund management firm Dreyfus Funds, and the first brokerage firm was Shearson/American Express. Today Prudential-Bache, E.F. Hutton, Fidelity Financial Services (another mutual fund manager and broker), Parker Pen, J.C. Penney, and many others own such banks; and by late November 1984 there were approximately 300 applications to establish nonbank banks pending before the Comptroller of the Currency, who despite pressure from Congress has already approved a number of these limited-service institutions.

What were the real banks to do to cope with all these interlopers? Billions had been drawn out of their savings and checking accounts by money management funds. While it is not true, as one can sometimes hear, that this money has flowed out of the American banking system—U.S. dollars can leave that system only by expatriation or storage under a mattress—the money flowing back into the banks from the deposits of money market funds, or from the institutions whose securities the funds bought, does not bring the same profits. Instead of being in individual accounts on which the banks have to pay little or no interest, money has come back into corporate accounts on which the banks, by way of Certificates of Deposit or repurchase agreements, must pay plenty. And all this was happening when the big banks' large profits shown on foreign lending proved increasingly fictitious, as debtor countries became unable to service their foreign loans unless they could borrow new money from their creditors.

The banks' answer was a plaintive call for "a level playing field." The call was addressed to Congress, but in the absence of any enthusiasm for quick action on banking reform there, new profitable activities had to be found by exploiting the interstices of existing federal law and the greater receptivity of state legislatures. In the jargon of the trade, banks sought "product diversification" and "geographical diversification."

Since brokerage firms and investment bankers had jumped over the wall that supposedly protected the monopoly of banks, the banks thought not unreasonably that they should be allowed to jump over the wall in the opposite direction. Under existing law they cannot underwrite corporate securities, but since the law permits banks to buy and sell corporate securities on behalf of their customers, there seemed to be no legal barrier to entering the stock brokerage business in a big way. The most dramatic event in this development was the acquisition of the largest American discount brokerage firm, Charles Schwab & Co., by Bank of America which was approved by the Federal Reserve Board in 1983 after elaborate hearings. Since then other banks have acquired or established brokerage subsidiaries. In December 1983 the *American Banker*, the daily trade paper on banking, reported that more than 700 banks offered brokerage. Today there must be more.

In an attempt to give the impression that at least some taboos from the thirties are being honored, the Federal Reserve Board has limited its regulatory approval of brokerage by banks to *discount* brokerage, which does not include giving investment advice as part of brokerage services. In reality, however, that limitation is little more than a fiction. The banks' trust departments have always been in the business of giving investment advice. Moreover, in March 1983 the Comptroller of Currency authorized the National Bank of Austin, Texas, to establish a subsidiary to engage in discount brokerage and another to give investment advice. The Comptroller

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noted that "there may be some referral to customer/client from brokers to advisers and vice versa."

The banks, particularly the largest banks, also made new efforts to expand across state lines. Under new federal legislation, adopted in 1982, banks are allowed to acquire failing out-of-state depository institutions, including savings and loan companies. This new opportunity has produced nationwide banking on a large scale. Citicorp's expansion has been the most conspicuous: Citicorp has acquired a savings and loan institution in California with 19 state-wide offices, another one in Florida with 34 state-wide offices, and a third in Illinois with 61 state-wide offices. Since new legislation adopted in 1980 gave federal savings and loan thrift institutions, like those acquired by Citicorp, the power of offering checking accounts to businesses and of making loans for commercial purposes, it seems obvious that the great congressional debates on maintaining the one state barrier are becoming a trifle academic.[2]

The second way to cross state lines was provided by new legislation in the states, where lobbying by banks has been far more successful than on the Hill. The invitation extended to states by the Bank Holding Company Act to permit the entry of out-of-state banks by specific language in state banking laws, an invitation ignored for decades, was finally accepted. New York and Maine now permit state banks from all states to enter on a reciprocal basis. Other states either have adopted, or are considering, regional legislation that allows reciprocal entry only to state banks within a defined region, like New England. Since such laws are designed to exclude New York banks, they have been attacked in the courts, thus far without success. The issue is on its way to the Supreme Court.

The third principal way of breaking through state barriers, as it was to break the barriers between banking and other business, has been to establish nonbank banks. On that road too Citicorp has been in the vanguard. The Federal Reserve Board has made it clear that it was opposed to the proliferation of nonbank banks, but after a court battle the Fed last March approved an application of a New York bank, the U.S. Trust Corp., to permit its Palm Beach, Florida affiliate to maintain checking accounts and to make consumer loans in Florida. The reaction to this approval was dramatic: About a month later 230 applications to establish nonbank banks had been filed with the Comptroller of the Currency. After what the *Wall Street Journal* called "a decade of turmoil in the financial services industry," the banking revolution seemed to be sweeping away the last remnants of the banking system left us by the New Deal.

Congress and the Banking Revolution

The threatened blanketing of the country by nationwide networks of nonbank bank subsidiaries of giant banks finally roused Congress to try to do something definitive. Not that Congress had been inactive during the preceding years; it had lifted interest ceilings, permitted the acquisition of failing depository institutions by out-of-state banks, enlarged the permissible scope of lending by savings and loan institutions, and made numerous other technical amendments of the banking laws. Congress also commissioned studies, requested reports from the federal agencies, held innumerable hearings, and filled its hoppers with scores of banking bills. The printed records of all that activity could have sunk Noah's Ark. The Senate Banking Committee's hearing record on its last banking reform bill alone is 8,060 pages long. But Congress did not enact any comprehensive banking reform legislation that would either undo the revolution or give it a tidy federal framework.

Chairman Fernand St. Germain of the House Banking Committee, who is convinced of the essential wisdom of the New Deal's banking ideology, introduced a bill last summer designed to undo the revolution. The bill would have undone virtually everything that has happened in the last four years: It would have prohibited discount brokerage, and the giving of investment advice by banks; would have included state banks that are not members of the Federal Reserve System in the National Bank Act's ban on affiliating with investment banks; would have excluded any company affiliated with a deposit-taking institution from the securities business; would have placed other new prohibitions on state banks; and would have outlawed nonbank banks. Senator Jake Garn, the chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, said about his colleague's bill: "His legislation wants to turn the banking industry back to the 1800s."

By contrast, Senator Garn during the same period pushed a bank reform bill that would have legitimized most of the status quo and expanded the business opportunities of banks further. For instance, it would have permitted banks to go into insurance, real estate, mutual funds, and the underwriting of mortgage-backed securities. It would even have further legitimized certain types of nonbank banks. By dint of heroic labors Senator Garn succeeded in persuading the Senate to adopt a weakened version of his deregulation bill that did not include insurance, real estate, and mutual funds. But the bill did give its benediction to reciprocal regional banking, i.e., permitting neighboring states to allow interstate banking among themselves. The bill's major concession to the counterrevolution was outlawing nonbank banks. In the end the lobbying of the diverse pressure groups—the securities industry, the banks, the insurance industry, and the mutual fund industry—deadlocked the legislation in Congress.

The vigor of that lobbying and the absence of any general interest in the subject matter—widely but wrongly perceived as abstruse—make it difficult for many legislators to take a strong stand, for whichever way they go they will offend some powerful pressure group without winning any friends at large. That conflict makes Senator Garn's success in shepherding his reform bill through the Senate particularly admirable. Before becoming a legislator Senator Garn was an insurance agent in Utah, and therefore almost predestined to fight the intrusion of giant banks into Utah and the insurance business. Nevertheless he became convinced that no law can long prevent an institutional landslide brought into motion by radical economic, sociological, and technological change. He became equally convinced that it is the duty of Congress to see to it that the public interest, enacted into law, guides and shapes such inevitable changes. It was always morally refreshing to hear his intelligent, disinterested voice of reason and integrity among the endless self-seeking and repetitious incantations of the hired guns.

Nevertheless, I wonder whether even he addressed the right issues. The separation of investment banking from commercial banking, for instance, is more conceptual than substantive. Is there really any difference between permitting banks to underwrite corporate bonds, which they are not permitted to do, and permitting them to sell pieces of their large loans to smaller banks, often at a lower interest rate, something they *are* permitted to do and are in fact doing more and more? In both cases they are buying a corporate debt with a view to reselling it.

Congress should bow to the inevitable, if not common sense: Let bank-holding companies go into whatever business they please; let banks go wherever they please.

In arguing for maintaining the separation between underwriting and making loans, Martin Mayer says that in the twenties, when investment and commercial banking were still under one roof, the banks dumped Latin American bonds out of their investment portfolios into the hands of their unsuspecting customers "when the banks found out the paper was no good. It might be noted that the international financial crisis of 1982-83 took the form it did, with the banks at risk, only because the public was protected by Glass-Steagall." But does it really protect the public if big banks sell portions of dubious loans to smaller banks? It might be better to have dubious securities in the portfolios of individual speculators than among the assets of small country banks.

True, the principal argument advanced for the separation of underwriting and commercial lending, the inevitability of conflicts of interest, may be less applicable when the selling is limited to the banking fraternity. But what of the underwriting and selling of securities abroad? Foreign markets had become pretty theoretical when the Glass-Steagall Act was passed at the end of the great Depression in 1933. Today, however, the Eurodollar bond market is second only to the New York market, and I can see no sense in permitting the Morgan Bank to underwrite and sell bonds of its large American corporate customers in Europe, but not permitting it to do the same at home. If there were a conflict of interest, it would be the same at home and abroad.

Moreover, the same supposed conflict of interest exists when trust departments of banks buy or sell securities of their banking customers. The supposed "Chinese wall" between trust and banking departments must of necessity be almost as porous as the wall between the business of Mr. Zaccaro and Mrs. Ferraro.

The other principal argument advanced against the combination of commercial and investment banking, the supposedly greater risk of underwriting public offering of bonds and stock in comparison to commercial lending, has become unpersuasive. Virtually all public issues are spoken for by buyers before the date of issuance so that the risk of the leading and largest issuers, the syndicate managers,

[2]As we go to press, word comes that Citicorp has acquired access to the Cirrus automated teller network, through which customers can obtain cash from 6,500 teller machines in 42 states.

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is close to zero. Certainly the risk that any bank would take in that business today seems insignificant when compared with the risk of lending.

None of our legislators who have debated endlessly the narrow, technical issue of whether banks should be allowed to underwrite and sell municipal revenue bonds as well as ordinary municipal bonds, which they are now allowed to do, seems to be concerned with the major inconsistencies in the arguments for the strict separation of commercial and investment banking.

What Should Be Done?

Congress should bow to the inevitable, if not to common sense: Let bank-holding companies go into whatever business they please; let banks go wherever they please; and let any respectable company, be it in the securities or in the sausage business, own banks. Restrictions, I believe, should be explored in two entirely different directions.

Congress should control interest rates. Banks scrambled into greener pastures primarily because of skyrocketing interest rates. A return to the level of interest rates of the thirties, forties, and fifties would do more to calm our money men than any new legal prohibitions currently under debate. And Congress could put ceilings on *all* interest rates, not only on those that had been under ceilings before 1980.

Let us remember that in the late fifties the Fed permitted a maximum rate of 3 percent a year on time deposits of six months or more and of 1 percent (one!) on deposits of less than ninety days. The Japanese control interest rates and their economy has been exemplary nevertheless. Short-term interest rates, moreover, are not made in heaven or by Adam Smith's unseen hand. Nor are high short-term interest rates produced by federal deficits, all current folk wisdom to the contrary notwithstanding. Those interest rates are made by the Federal Reserve Board, and in apparent concert by a few giant banks that set the prime rate. A change of policy by the Fed, and perhaps even a careful look at the compatibility with the antitrust laws of the current system of setting the prime rate, might do wonders. The notion that without exchange controls capital in huge amounts (with the exception of short-term money) would quickly leave the dollar for greener pastures abroad, if interest rates were kept low by law and regulation, is questionable. Where would the foreigners' investments go? Lower American interest rates would lead to lower interest rates in countries competing for short-term funds, so it is doubtful whether even short-term money would depart in significant amounts. As for other investments, the truth is that there are no greener pastures, as proved by the continuing strength of the dollar despite the huge balance of trade deficits and falling interest rates. In short, if Congress should decide that banking should be more rather than less regulated, the reimposition of interest ceilings on deposits (including certificates of deposit) might well be the best way to go.

Second, Congress could address the issue of bigness. Brandeis's prophetic wisdom on the curse of bigness applies to banks. As we have seen in the case of Continental Illinois, the top management of a bank blindly pursuing megagrowth is the one most likely to lose track of extravaganzas in its backyard. And knowing that they cannot expand indefinitely might do wonders for the sobriety of a calling whose hallmark used to be sobriety. □

Arch Puddington

THE DIRTY SECRETS OF GRENADA

They kind of make you wonder about the Sandinistas.

A favorite diversion of the Marxist left, both here and abroad, is mulling over the lessons of its failures. Thus the lesson of Chile is said to be the inevitable defeat of revolutionary governments which fail to gain firm control over the military, while the lesson of Egypt is the inherent weakness of the revolutionary impulse in regimes of a fundamentally nationalist complexion. It would appear, however, that we are to be spared a similar deliberation over the lessons of Grenada. For the left, that sorry episode is best forgotten, even though the outcome was determined by armed intervention of the imperial colossus from the North. Fidel Castro himself labeled Bernard Coard, the man principally responsible for the murder of New Jewel Movement leader Maurice Bishop, as the Pol Pot of the Caribbean, and one suspects that many of Bishop's former admirers now regard "revolutionary Grenada" as a grotesque embarrassment.

On the other hand, Grenada holds a number of instructive lessons for the democratic world. Above all else, Grenada tells us a great deal about the nature of pro-Communist movements in the Third World. Put simply, the Grenadian experience is a timely reminder that if the rulers of a country talk like Communists, introduce Communist-style social "reforms," and vote down the line with the Soviets at the United Nations and elsewhere, there is a good chance that they indeed are Communists. This point may seem self-evident. Yet during the New Jewel Movement's four-and-a-half years of rule (March 1979-October 1983), many foreign affairs experts insisted that the opposite was true—that despite the anti-American rhetoric, despite the expressed contempt for "Westminster-style parliamentarianism," despite the muzzling of the press and the detention of political prisoners, Maurice Bishop and his comrades were really nationalists at heart. And while it had to be conceded that the new regime was "suspicious" of the United States, the suspicions, we were assured, could be allayed through a policy of strict nonintervention coupled with generous offers of trade and aid. Given the fact that similar arguments are being registered in response to developments in Nicaragua, a retrospective on the history of the New Jewel era may, one hopes, dispel illusions about the native Sandinista "pluralism."

It is now beyond dispute that the perception of the New Jewel leaders as "nationalists-in-a-hurry" was a total misreading of their character and ideology. Bishop and the other principal NJM figures were convinced Communists, committed to the Sovietization of Grenadian society and to wholehearted support of Soviet global ambitions.

Perhaps the most striking theme to emerge from the documents of the New Jewel era—two volumes of which have recently been published—is the seriousness with which the NJM took Marxist-Leninist doctrine. At a minimum, this revelation would suggest a need to modify the widely maintained theory that Soviet-style Communism has exhausted itself as an ideological force. Communism indeed holds little appeal for the people and political elites of the democracies. Moreover, it is regarded with growing cynicism by the elites of Eastern Europe and thoroughly detested by the people of those unfortunate countries. The Third World, however, presents a somewhat different picture. Against all evidence, many radicalized Third World elites continue to view the Soviet model as the most expeditious way to modernize impoverished post-colonial societies.

As a practical matter, the very idea of imposing a Communist framework on Grenada was absurd. Even Bishop admitted in a speech to party leaders that the prerequisites for socialism were lacking on the island. There was, for example, little industry, and the "proletariat"—such as it was—was concen-

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trated in the tourist industry. Yet in the very same speech, practically the same breath, Bishop insisted that the working class must lead the revolution.

Unfortunately, Bishop and his friends regarded the Grenadian "working class" with a contempt worthy of a hardened colonialist. Communism appeals to Third World radicals in part because it is the one ideology that still holds that people will work only if compelled to do so. If man is by nature slothful, what better way to move beyond underdevelopment than through a wholesale transformation of the way people think and act. In Grenada, this would not come easy. As an NJM commission once observed, Grenadians were essentially petty bourgeois and "rebellious to any form of strict discipline and organization."

In the coded language routinely employed by the Grenadian revolutionaries, this character flaw was ascribed to a "low level of political consciousness." In speeches to party leaders and before gullible Western audiences, Bishop insisted that the people's lack of sophistication would be remedied through the introduction of a new, highly participatory form of democracy. Grenadians in fact were encouraged, cajoled, and compelled to *participate* in a dizzying array of committees, assemblies, rallies, youth organizations, women's caucuses, indoctrination classes, neighborhood patrols, and other such party-dominated entities. But as the documents indicate, the major result of the overheated politicization was to irritate and bewilder the people. And since many of the New Jewel "mass organizations" conducted meetings during working hours, participatory democracy also proved to be a drain on labor productivity.

In reality, the mass organizations served as a screen to obscure the NJM's domestic agenda. By the time of the New Jewel Movement's self-immolation, the regime was making preparations to implement Soviet-style methods of regimentation and repression. Thus a central committee resolution, for obvious reasons never made public, set forth the goal of farm collectivization, something quite different from the modest land reform proposals described by Bishop in his speeches to the Grenadian people and in interviews with the foreign press. Collectivization was to be initiated by nationalization of the "large owners," and the resolution also spoke of the need to "win the peasantry gradually to socialism" through a program of "concessions." This strategy is reminiscent of procedures adopted by the people's democracies in Eastern Europe, where peasants were first given land expropriated from wealthy farmers and Nazi collaborators and only later herded against their will into state farms. While collectivization stands convicted as one of the more uniformly inane techniques of Communist social engineering, it was especially preposterous in Grenada, where a "large owner" might hold 75 acres, the distribution of land was highly egalitarian, and the marketing of farm products carried out by producer cooperatives.

NJM gave favorable consideration to another undertaking: the establishment of a compulsory "labor army" patterned on the Cuban model. Forced labor—of prisoners or free workers—is employed throughout the Communist world as a means of guaranteeing a supply of practically cost-free labor for the construction of roads, canals, hospitals, and other public-works projects. An extreme example would be Vietnam's New Economic Zones. Among the suggestions advanced by the NJM commission studying the feasibility of forced labor was the need to restrict the right of Grenadians to leave their island.

Many radicalized Third World elites continue to view the Soviet model as the most expeditious way to modernize impoverished post-colonial societies.

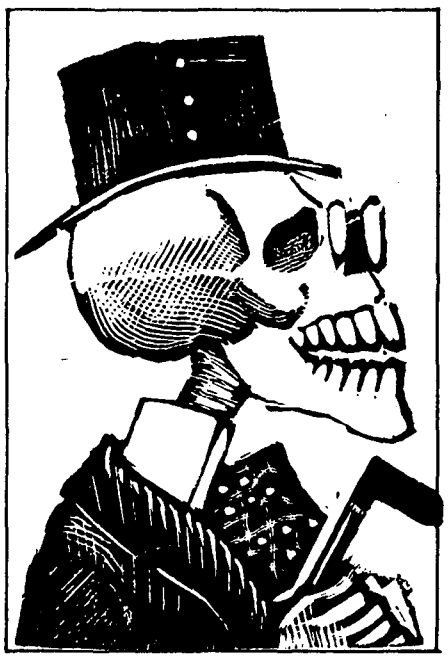
While compulsory labor was never actually introduced (the commission recommended implementation for 1985), the regime was rather more aggressive in securing control of the island's free institutions. Trade unions were a prime target, and within a few years New Jewel loyalists were ensconced in the leadership posts of all but one or two of Grenada's labor organizations. The NJM achieved what Bishop described as "hegemony" over the unions through the usual methods: Meetings were packed; the government refused to deal with unions where recalcitrant leaders remained in power; democratically chosen officials were harassed until they surrendered their posts or emigrated. Control of the unions was important in extending state power over the economy and essential in suppressing worker opposition to forced labor and other unpopular schemes. The unions were also a valuable weapon in the ongoing campaign to harass and undermine private enterprise. As Bishop noted, if workers were to decide they wanted to seize control of a factory, "we support them, not through making noise because that would not be in our interest. We pretend we don't know what's happening and let the trade unionists do it."

The regime met with less success in its attempt to neutralize the churches, which throughout the New Jewel period remained a bastion of opposition sentiment. The Catholic Church, for example, shortly after the NJM takeover, issued a series of pamphlets explaining the atheistic character of Marxism, and both Catholic and Protestant clergymen frequently emphasized human rights themes in their sermons. Although he would issue periodic warnings against the meddling of religious leaders in the political sphere, Bishop eschewed a frontal assault on church autonomy, recognizing that, eventually, a direct confrontation would be unavoidable. Bishop also sought the advice of the Cubans, who drafted lengthy reports on the "condition" of religion in Grenada and suggested that the NJM send a leading member to Cuba for training in the techniques of subverting the church. Furthermore, the Cubans recommended that Grenada introduce formal registration for churches and other civic organizations, a totalitarian ploy used throughout Eastern Europe during the Communists' consolidation of power. The NJM also considered removing any avowedly religious teachers from Grenada's schools.

Like trade unions, schools, and civic groups, the churches were subjected to internal surveillance by security officials, who duly reported any statements containing political overtones. The police kept tabs on visitors to the church hierarchy and apparently tapped the telephones of church officials suspected of holding "counter-revolutionary" views. The police also compiled minutely detailed reports on security in each part of the island, listing *every individual* in a particular parish who was considered hostile or potentially hostile to the revolution.

The regime imprisoned a substantial number of political opponents, although, in keeping with the gentler traditions of the English-speaking Caribbean, its treatment of dissidents was less harsh than in Cuba, Vietnam, or the countries of Eastern Europe during the period of Communist consolidation. Nevertheless, the number of Grenadians detained during the New Jewel era reached about 1,000, a considerable figure for a population of 100,000. When questioned about political repression by concerned—but nonetheless sympathetic—Westerners, Bishop evaded or downplayed the

[1] *The Grenada Papers,* edited by Paul Seabury and Walter A. McDougall, Institute for Contemporary Studies, $16.95; *Grenada Documents: An Overview and Selection,* edited and with an introduction by Michael Ledeen and Herbert Romerstein; published by the Department of State and Department of Defense. Both volumes are edited by scholars well versed in the history of Communist affairs and both include helpful introductory and explanatory notes. The two volumes contain many of the same documents, but there are some important differences. The Seabury-McDougall volume includes a worthwhile section on the NJM's efforts to influence American opinion. (Among other things, the documents reveal that the NJM relied to a surprising degree on the American Communist party for advice and logistical assistance.) The government volume includes the minutes of the meetings of many of the principal NJM committees and a number of documents spelling out Cuban-NJM attempts to influence the Socialist International. The government volume, it should be noted, consists of photocopies of the original documents. Finally, for those who generally find documentary histories tedious going, please be advised that the Grenada documents make for more interesting, even entertaining, reading than the speeches of Chernenko, Honecker, or Hoxha.



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dimensions of the problem. Yet in his Line of March speech to party leaders in September 1982, he crowed about the efficiency with which the "dictatorship" was being enforced:

> Just consider, comrades, how laws are made in this country. Laws are made in this country when Cabinet agrees and when I sign a document on behalf of Cabinet. And then that is what everybody in the country—like it or don't like it—has to follow. Or consider how people are detained in this country. We don't go and call for no votes. You get detained when I sign an order after discussing it with the National Security Committee of the Party or with a higher Party body. Once I sign it—like it or don't like it—it's up the hill for them.

A similar note of bravado runs through Bishop's description of the regime's dealings with the business class:

> It is also important to note, comrades, that while we are in alliance with sections of the bourgeoisie and upper petty bourgeoisie, they are not part of our dictatorship. They are not part of our rule and control—they are not part of it. We bring them in for what we want to bring them in for. They are not part of our dictatorship because when they try to hold public meetings and we don't want that, the masses shut down the meeting. When we want to hold Zonal Councils and we don't want them there, we keep them out. When they want to put out newspapers and we don't want that, we close it down. When they want freedom of expression to attack the government or to link up with the CIA and we don't want that, we crush them and jail them. They are not part of the dictatorship. In fact, if the truth is told, they have been repressed by the dictatorship.

In the end, the Grenadian revolution reached the crossroads every Communist regime inevitably must confront. The New Jewel Movement faced two alternatives: muddle through and risk popular discontent over the deterioration of the economy, or travel the whole course by imposing a program of crash Sovietization. The problem with the latter option was that it implied much more than mere suppression of the press and the detention of the political opposition. It would have required the sealing off of borders, imposing collectivization, breaking strikes, instituting an internal passport system, and packing off the Rastafarians and other nonconformist groups to re-education camps. (The regime had already asked the Vietnamese to help set up re-education programs and assist in developing "methods to deal with lumpen elements.") Nor could the vexing issue of continued church autonomy have been ignored, raising the possibility of the imprisonment or deportation of priests. Finally, traveling the full course might well have meant the execution of opposition figures, as had recently occurred in the leftist dictatorship in Suriname, an action Bishop had publicly applauded. One cannot overemphasize the crucial nature of the debate over the future course of the "Revo." Although many factors, including Bernard Coard's hatred of Bishop, led to Bishop's execution and the NJM's collapse, the party's inability to forge a consensus over a soft or hard path to socialism provided a convenient justification for the removal of Bishop from the leadership.

Aside from whatever minimal humanitarian sensitivities may have inhibited Bishop, a principal consideration was the reaction of the United States. Bishop and his associates were obsessed with American attitudes toward their revolutionary enterprise; the report on the proposed forced labor program observed that "imperialism" would "well understand the significance" of the policy and capitalize on any resulting discontent in order to undermine the regime.

Bishop in particular seemed to regard the U.S. with something approaching schizophrenia. At times he appeared genuinely to fear CIA efforts to destabilize his government. On the other hand, he frequently complained that "imperialism" was not acting with sufficient brazenness, a sign that the regime's semi-hysterical denunciations of the U.S. were primarily a tactic to induce a siege mentality among the Grenadian people.

Indeed, the NJM's conduct of foreign affairs constituted an aggressive invitation to American hostility. Within a few months of seizing power Bishop was issuing venomous attacks on Zionism, an unmistakable sign of the country's direction. Bishop told gatherings of the nonaligned nations that the Third World should extend its "fraternal thanks" to the Soviets for their "assertive role" in assisting liberation movements throughout the world. Grenada was the only hemispheric nation (with the obvious exception of Cuba) to vote against a U.N. resolution condemning the USSR for the invasion of Afghanistan, an action that damaged NJM credibility with sympathetically inclined European nations, and Bishop publicly lashed out at attempts to "roll back" the Afghan "revolution." The NJM's fervent endorsement of every imperial design of the USSR brought economic repercussions, as Grenada's tourist trade declined after reports of the regime's radical course filtered back to the U.S. Typically, the regime proposed to compensate for the loss of American tourists through two equally ludicrous strategies: encouraging progressive-leaning Westerners to visit the island in order to drink in its revolutionary achievements, and promoting tourism among the nations of the Soviet bloc. As might be expected, the vision of thousands of Bulgarians, East Germans, and Vietnamese spending hard currency in the newest outpost of revolution never materialized.

Bishop's pro-Sovietism was a matter of public record even before his coming to power. In 1977, two years before the coup, he told a Cuban publication that the "victory of socialism . . . will only be possible with firm ties to the socialist world." It is thus inaccurate to characterize revolutionary Grenada as a Soviet puppet state, the implication being that Soviet masters were pressuring or manipulating reluctant subjects. Not only were the NJM Grenadians eager servants of the Kremlin's global aims; if anything, they resented the fact that the Soviets excluded them from the inner circle of the "socialist camp," and gave support for the Sandinistas a higher priority than assisting the struggling NJM. There was, to be sure, an expectation that Grenada would be rewarded for services rendered; the documents are replete with New Jewelist requests for various forms of help from the Soviets, other Communist nations, and pro-Soviet Third World countries like Syria and Libya. In a few instances, the fraternal allies provided economic assistance, not that it always worked as intended. A fleet of fishing vessels sent by the Cubans, for example, sank almost immediately upon arrival. The Grenadians were also interested in propaganda; Bishop wrote Syrian strongman Assad asking for tapes and printed material recounting Syria's struggle for "true independence." The NJM placed a high priority on praising the Soviet Union in its propaganda material, and the Grenadians reached an agreement with Moscow to promote each other's "revolutions" in their respective organs. The East Germans, Cubans, and Soviets agreed to help train New Jewel cadres, and Cuba was to provide assistance in organizing public rallies and developing the mechanisms of propaganda. The Grenadians also agreed to coordinate positions with the Cubans at the United Nations, conclaves of the nonaligned, and other international forums.

For the NJM, foreign affairs proved far more attractive than the burdensome chore of running the country. Committee meetings were often monopolized by windy discussion of such grave matters as the state of the world or Grenada's place in the worldwide liberation offensive. Even more enticing were the opportunities for travel abroad, a not-to-be-underestimated fringe benefit of membership in the revolutionary elite. Wherever progressive forces were gathered, the New Jewel Movement was sure to be represented: at peace jamborees in Prague, meetings of the nonaligned in Havana, party congresses in East Berlin, revolutionary celebrations in Managua, Ulan Bator, or Pyongyang.

Back home, party leaders were wont to behave like members of an obscure Marxist or New Left sect. They conversed in a disjointed, pidgin Leninist dialect, with ritualistic references to the masses, democratic centralism, the dialectic, criticism and self-criticism, the vanguard party, imperialism. Enemies were never enemies; they were counterrevolutionaries or petty bourgeois, sometimes shortened to "petty bourg" or occasionally just "p.b." At one point women party members, taking Bishop's speeches about sexual emancipation to heart, issued a manifesto demanding that men share equally in household chores and in child-raising responsibilities,

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whether they were at present living with the mother or not. Toward the end, when party discipline was falling apart, a chart was drawn up on which members of the central committee were graded on a one-to-five scale on such issues as "discipline," "ideological level," "relations with the masses," and "functionability." Maurice Bishop scored a perfect five in relations with the masses, but only a 2.5 in discipline.

The New Jewel Movement's final days resembled not so much the collapse of a government as a sectarian faction fight—except in this case one faction had guns and was more than willing to use them. Plans were made to extend socialist education classes, already compulsory for government workers, to the private sector. Mandatory political indoctrination of teachers and primary-level students was proposed. There were complaints that the people were basing their political judgments not on what the party said but rather on broadcasts from the Voice of America. The party, it was repeatedly stressed, must get closer to the masses. Yet when a decision was reached to establish joint party leadership with the highly unpopular Bernard Coard joining Bishop at the top, the central committee voted overwhelmingly to withhold this interesting bit of information from the public. Hudson Austin, the security chief, began to see himself as Grenada's Jaruzelski, noting (according to the central committee minutes) that "the lesson of Poland showed that when the revolution was in danger and there was chaos in the party and society, it was only the Armed Forces that was able to rescue the Party and society."

As certain details about the New Jewel period have become part of the public record, a tendency has grown to regard Bishop, Coard, and the others as nothing more than inept and pretentious buffoons. This perception, it should be stressed, arose only *after* the revolution's demise. There was no hiding the threat the Grenadian revolution posed to the stability of the Caribbean democracies, nor any doubt about the actual coloring of the leadership's political views so skillfully concealed behind a facade of nationalist slogans. It may well be that Bishop's most substantial legacy was his ability to obscure his real ambitions. Even now, many Grenadians continue to believe that Bishop was at heart a patriot engaged in a doomed struggle with Leninist hardliners Coard and Hudson Austin.

Today the lesson of Grenada is more appropriately applied to Nicaragua. There, too, a revolutionary government has begun to institute the usual array of repressive techniques perfected by the Soviets and Cubans. The Sandinistas, like the New Jewel Movement, are engaged in a simmering war against the church. The Sandinistas are also reliable supporters of Soviet foreign policy, the most compelling proof being the numerous reports that Nicaragua is providing training facilities for the PLO and other Soviet-backed terrorist groups. This should all be kept uppermost in mind the next time you hear Daniel Ortega insist on the Sandinista commitment to pluralism.

There is also the question of Grenada's alleged revolutionary achievements—the literacy campaigns, improved health care, liberation of women, economic modernization, and other "accomplishments" of which Bishop proudly boasted to delegations of starry-eyed Western visitors. We now know that these assertions amounted to a monumental fraud, no less so than similar claims advanced over the years by Cuba, Vietnam, Nicaragua, and other Marxist regimes. At a time when we are told that the West has an "obligation" to bail out countries like Ethiopia, which remains, in the midst of famine, committed to Marxist economic policies and resolutely hostile to the United States, it would behoove Western observers to begin speaking the truth about the connection between Communist policies and economic crisis in the Third World.

Bishop's death was in keeping with a well-established tradition in the Communist world. The list of revolutionaries consumed by the revolution is a long one, and growing longer by the year: Bukharin, Kostov, Slansky, Rajk, Patrascanu, the Afghan leaders Taraki and Amin. Bishop himself had premonitions of an "Afghan solution" being imposed on Grenada, with Bishop in the role of Taraki and Amin. The tragedy, however, is not that Communism devours its own but that it destroys the fabric of entire societies. Grenada, at least, can be thankful for its geographic situation, and for the willingness of the United States to remove from power those who had betrayed their country in the service of an alien and inhumane ideology. □

George Sim Johnston

MANHATTAN CUT IN SLICES

Tom Wolfe publishes a novel one chapter at a time.

What is going on in the pages of *Rolling Stone*? After years of making faces and otherwise annoying our menagerie of Great American Novelists, who have mustered only a morose stare in response to his wild gesticulations, Tom Wolfe has climbed into the cage, taken off his mauve sports jacket, loosened his Edwardian collar, and with a wink at Updike, Roth, and Styron, grabbed hold of a swinging bar and . . . is showing them how to do it! Forgive the lapse into Wolfean locution. The man's style is infectious. But the serialization of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is of some literary consequence.

George Sim Johnston is a writer living in New York.

Tom Wolfe has been pointing out the error of their ways to American novelists since he was a young journalist. But neither Updike, Roth & Co., nor the legions of income-supplementing academics who review their books, seem to have gotten the message. It must have become clear to Wolfe that the only way to show them was to roll up his sleeves and do the job himself. The art of the novel is not exactly new to him, anyway, since, by his own admission, he has been ransacking everyone from Gogol to Henry Miller for his journalistic tricks. But apart from whatever aid he is giving to *Rolling Stone* in its quest for the holy grail of upscale readership, he is performing the invaluable service of presenting our literary lions with a concrete example of what writing a novel is all about.

Before taking a look at *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, it is worth reviewing Wolfe's brief against the postwar American novel, especially since most of it appears in the introduction to the anthology he edited with E.W. Johnson, *The New Journalism* (1973), which was out of print for several years and is available only in a hard-to-find and not terribly legible paperback.

The rock foundation of the novel, Wolfe argues, echoing critics like Lionel Trilling and Mary McCarthy, is social realism. The novel was born as an offshoot of journalism; its early practitioners either started out as journalists (Defoe, Dickens) or at least, like Fielding and Balzac, had the journalist's instinct for empirical observation. Their books are veritable warehouses of brute social fact, which is why the form was held in low regard by the reigning literary panjandrums (Johnson, Coleridge, Saint-Beuve) until the middle of the nineteenth century. Even after the novel became accepted as *the* literary genre, close social observation was still understood by all to be

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the taproot of the form. Lionel Trilling outraged literary leftists in the forties by suggesting that novelists thrive best in a society with plenty of class distinctions and free-floating wealth. Trilling was only stating the obvious, and Wolfe points out that a novelist who cuts himself off from society in the pursuit of "myth" or poetic vision is severely handicapping himself. And this is exactly what American fiction writers did after the Second World War. They abdicated their traditional role of reporter and began turning out Kafkaesque fables, Borgean puzzles, "pale fictions," metafictions, all for academic consumption. Or, in the case of Updike, Roth, and Barth, they fulfilled George Orwell's prophecy that someday people would write novels about writing a novel.

As a result, by the early sixties journalists had the whole incredible terrain of American society to themselves. Haight Ashbury, Vietnam, the race riots, the go-go years on Wall Street, the carnival of electoral politics, all of these were virtually ignored by novelists. Only the so-called New Journalists (who managed to recruit and resuscitate washed-up novelists like Mailer and Capote) were willing to do the legwork and get the stories. Consequently, our best books on the hippies, on the Vietnam war, and on the political turmoil of the late sixties were written by journalists. This would have seemed incredible thirty years earlier.

But, according to Wolfe, obituaries for the novel are premature. Describing his own stab at the form eleven years later—as well as, to my mind, William Kennedy's Albany cycle—Wolfe predicts, "I think there is a tremendous future for a sort of novel that will be called the journalistic novel or perhaps documentary novel, novels of intensive social realism based upon the same painstaking reporting that goes into the New Journalism."

Wolfe's diagnosis in this season of writing degree zero is perfectly correct. Updike, Roth & Co. would do well to imitate the New Journalists and dirty their hands a little in the field. Think of poor Salinger, who apparently has spent the last twenty years in a New Hampshire bomb shelter trying to get down on paper the sound of one hand clapping. But there is, I think, an element of special pleading in Wolfe's discussion of the "novelist as journalist." He almost totally avoids mentioning the qualities that make for a really great novel. Which critical estimate is closer to the essence of Balzac's greatness—Wolfe's praise of his piling up of innumerable details of dress and interior decoration, or Baudelaire's remark that Balzac should be regarded as a visionary? (Wilde said the same thing when he remarked that Balzac invented the nineteenth century.)

Great novelists are more than glorified journalists. Some of the best can make a character or situation vivid with almost no detail at all. Jane Austen, for example, never tells us what Emma Woodhouse is wearing, and yet she lingers in the mind more distinctly than any of Balzac's heroines, whose wardrobes often seem to go on for pages. And how does Wolfe (or F.R. Leavis, for that matter) account for an astonishing performance like *Wuthering Heights*, whose "journalistic" content is virtually nil? Can we not say that, while it is true that great novelists have to start from literal reality, they may end up in a place where "facts" count for very little at all? This is not true of journalists.

There have been serious American novelists since the war, moreover, who have not turned their backs on American society; who, in fact, have been quite obsessed with money, power, and class. John O'Hara, John P. Marquand, and Louis Auchincloss, for example, are very long on observed social detail. The characters in their novels don't run off to a desert island pursued by the Nameless Dread; they graduate from Harvard, take the bar exam, and try to get into the right clubs. Richard Yates's *Revolutionary Road* also fits the bill of a "documentary novel based on painstaking research." But it is a bad novel. Yates, for one thing, hates his suburbanites too much to write a good novel about them, and his vision of America is vulgar and reductive. I mention him only because there is an effort at the moment to push his work into critical favor. But the other three also lack something basic. Their meticulous rendering of life on the Eastern seaboard has no imaginative fire. They do a good job of reporting, but they do not create a world. Their fiction (with the brilliant exception of a few of O'Hara's short stories, such as "Summer's Day") does not send an aesthetic tingle down the spine. A good novel, finally, is not mere reportage, anymore than a good oil painting is a photograph. We do not admire Monet's water lilies for their botanical verisimilitude, any more than we read Proust to find out the recipe for madeleines.

If you don't think some of the subject matter in this novel is anathema to the progressive mind, wait for the reviews—or, if you like, take a liberal friend to a Richard Pryor concert film.

Wolfe's tiptoeing around this issue relates to a peculiarity of his work as a whole. He has paid considerable attention to artistic subjects like painting, architecture, and the novel, but nowhere in his work will you find an aesthetic judgment. I have combed his work for years in search for a hint of a suggestion of where he gets his aesthetic pleasures. Finally, last August, in an audience of suntanned matrons who were balancing plates of quiche and salad on their laps, I heard him come out with it. He does not believe in objective aesthetic criteria: The value of a work of art is strictly a matter of taste. He gave as examples the changing fortunes of Shakespeare and Dickens, the latter of whom, he pointed out, almost went off the stock exchange in 1900. But the vicissitudes of public taste only prove that the public can, on occasion, be tasteless. Take the example of Shakespeare. In 1681, Nahum Tate wrote an insipid happy ending to *King Lear*, and for a hundred and forty years this version held the stage. (The original was restored in 1823 when the great actor Edmund Kean bragged to his wife, "The London audience have no notion of what I can do until they see me over the dead body of Cordelia.") Should Dryden and Coleridge have judged Tate the greater poetic dramatist?

Great writers, whatever the currents of fashion, always appeal to a few intelligent readers, and *they* are the final court of appeal. There is no way to prove this; nor can one prove Socrates' assertion in the *Symposium* that real aesthetic beauty is "not fair in one point of view and foul in another . . . but absolute, separate." We can only extend Wolfe's own metaphor and say that in the aesthetic, as in the financial, market place, the best performers in the long run have the most solid underlying fundamentals. And the nature of these fundamentals has not changed since Homer. Wolfe's displeasure with *Ulysses* is on record, and it would not surprise me to learn that he does not much care for the poetry of Wallace Stevens, the late novels of Henry James, or the music of Gluck—works whose intent is to abstract us into a realm of aesthetic pleasure devoid, or almost devoid, of social contingency.

In approaching the postwar situation of the novel, however, Wolfe's instinctive avoidance of aesthetic issues lands him on solid ground. As in painting and architecture, American writers have been far too obedient to the dictates of European formalism. James and Eliot are, in this respect, bad influences. "It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become . . . a European," Eliot wrote, apropos of James, in 1918. This incredible notion was fortunately not taken to heart by American novelists until after the Second World War. The twenties and thirties were the heyday of the social realist novel. If Wolfe and others want to throw all that European baggage overboard and return to the manner of Dreiser and Norris and Sinclair Lewis, it would not be a bad thing for serious American fiction. They would do better, however, to follow Emerson's advice: Forget Europe only after it has been mastered. Europe, after all, includes Evelyn Waugh, one of Wolfe's favorites, whose work has an incredible aesthetic rigor.

The Bonfire of the Vanities, as we have it thus far, stands to the side of this particular debate, as Wolfe has gone to the early Victorians for his inspiration. He is even serializing his story in the Victorian manner. The last major writer to publish a novel in this fashion was Norman Mailer. *The American Dream*, as it appeared in *Esquire* in the early sixties, was a mess; Mailer cleaned it up for hardcover publication, but it remained a dismal performance. Wolfe's ambition, and his achievement so far, is far greater. He is trying to resurrect the social novel on a grand scale, as it was practiced by Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, and his subject, no less, is New York, the capital of the late twentieth century. And he is not just giving us a wafer-thin slice of Manhattan. He is taking us, with extreme accuracy and a great deal of merriment, on an amazing tour of Gotham, starting with a raucous press conference in Harlem, then through the unspeakable subways, the Bronx criminal courts, a Park Avenue duplex, a midtown expense account eatery, the office of a tabloid newspaper, a wrong exit ramp of the Grand Central Parkway, the dark and dangerous streets of the south Bronx, and the Harlem rectory of a power-broker minister not unlike the late Adam Clayton Powell. This is the social novel writ large, such as we only seem to get these days from unmentionable writing machines like Harold Robbins.

The city in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is an international carnival; money flows like lava, and lots of Europeans have crossed the Atlantic "to devour at leisure the last plump white

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meat on the bones of capitalism." The jockeying for social position, such as it is in the eighties, is intense, and Wolfe is alive to innumerable air-lines of status. Sexual confusion is, of course, rampant. Upper-middle-class women maintain a residual femininity strictly for social advantage, and their male consorts have difficulty looking them in the eye. At the other end of the social ladder, the underclass is laying waste to large tracts of the city, gradually closing in on the carnival of high-living. The whole complex scene is gathered up into the baroque comic vision which infuses all of Wolfe's writing.

There are enough vivid characters from different milieus to please the shade of Balzac. The novel covers every base except the young professionals, who at the moment seem to be overrunning the city like the pod-people in that movie. The social texture of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is dense. Even in its incomplete state, it puts to shame those fiction writers who are capable of portraying only the pale, tentative rebellions of a few deracinated souls living near Central Park. Wolfe is fortunate in not being inhibited by the usual liberal taboos regarding the depiction of racial and ethnic distinctions. If you don't think that some of the subject matter in this novel is anathema to the progressive mind, wait for the reviews—or, if you like, take a liberal friend to a Richard Pryor concert film. The reaction will be pretty much the same in both cases.

In the manner of the great Victorians, Wolfe has set spinning several plots at once whose connection is not immediately apparent. The central character, who, it seems, will tie all the strands together, is Sherman McCoy, a high-priced novelist, author of *A Man in Slices* ("*A Man Cut in Slices*. . . . You can't imagine how furious I am not to have thought of a title like that!"—Henry Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*). Every scene is done with Wolfe's supersensory eye for social detail. My favorites thus far are the confrontation between the preppy Episcopal charities aide and Reverend Bacon in the latter's Harlem office and the del Ponces' Park Avenue dinner party. Wolfe's journalistic training is serving him well. He has the discipline of concrete presentation. He does not fudge any of the improbable array of settings. You have to assume that the man has been there. And not the least of the novel's virtues is the dialogue, which is fast becoming a lost art among American novelists.

Take, for example, Reverend Bacon's sermon to the young preppie, who is trying to retrieve $350,000 which Reverend Bacon has siphoned from a day-care project:

. . . "I'll give you an audit . . . right away. I'm gon' tell you something. I'm gon' tell you about capitalism . . . north of Ninety-sixth Street. You know what capital *is*? You think it's something you *own*, don't you? You think it's land and buildings and factories and things you can sell and stocks and money in banks. You think it's something you *own* 'cause you always *owned* it! You owned all this land!" He waved his arm about in a great semicircle. "You owned all the land in the world! You came to America, and out there . . . out there . . . out there in *Kan*sas and 'em places . . . everybody just lined up and they said, 'On the mark, get set, go!' and everybody started running, and there was all this *land*, and it was *yours*! All you had to do was get to it and stand on it, and it was yours . . . as long as you was white! [. . .] and so you owned it all, and you *still* own it all, and so you think capital . . . is *owning* things. But it ain't. Capital is con*trol*ling things. You want land in Kansas? First you got to con*trol* . . . *Kan*sas . . . see . . . con*trol*ling things. . . . I don' suppose you ain' ever work in a boiler room. I *did*. People *own* the *boilers* . . . but that don't do them a damn bit a good 'less they know how to con*trol* . . . the *steam* . . . see. . . . If you can't con*trol* . . . the *steam* . . . then it's Powder Valley for you and your whole gang. And if you ever seen a steam boiler go out a control, then you seen a whole lot of people running for their lives. And they ain' *think*ing 'bout no boiler as a capital asset and no return on their investment and no escrow accounts and audits and the prudent thing . . . see. . . . They come up hard against con*trol*, and they running for their lives . . . see. . . . You heard my mama in 'ere singing about the Millennial Days. . . . She *knows* . . . the Millennial Days are coming. They are . . . *at hand*. They *draw nigh*. You heard about Judgment Day. That's the day it *blows* . . . see. . . . Harlem, the Bronx, Brooklyn—how much longer you think what *you own* gon' make a damn bit a difference in Harlem, the Bronx and Brooklyn? They gon' *blow*, my friend! And what difference is what *you own* gon' make on that day? No . . . you best be waking up . . . see. . . . You best begin practicing the capitalism of the future. You best be happy to enter the money on *my* books, *my* way. I'm a con*serv*ative, whether you know it or not. You don't know who's *out there* on those wild and hungry streets! I'm your *pru*dent broker . . . on Judgment Day. I can con*trol* the *steam*. And on that day the *own*ers of capital . . . oh, how happily will they exchange what they *own*! . . . how happily will they give up their very *birth*rights!—just to con*trol* that wild and hungry *steam*."

My major reservation so far concerns the excessive use of detail. The apprentice novelist is taking Balzac too much to heart. Some of the detail, such as Reverend Bacon's gold chain and Rolex watch, does exactly what it is supposed to do, which is to tip the reader off in a few quick strokes about a character. But we learn more about architecture and interior decoration than we may care to know (let's get on with the story!). Wolfe's dialogue is expert enough to allow him a margin of freedom from these stage props and he should take advantage of it. I offer this criticism with hesitation, because when he gives us a catalogue of every object in the del Ponces' dining room, for example, he hits one bull's-eye after another.

Wolfe will probably do some housecleaning before the hardcover edition, so I may as well throw in a few nitpicks in the interests of verisimilitude. The waiter in La Boue d'Argent needs a Berlitz course—it's *mesdames*, not *madames*, and *un* Perrier, not *une* Perrier, s'il vous plait. And there is an IND subway stop near 77th Street on Central Park West, so the young lawyer does not have to indulge his co-op envy all the way to 81st Street. Also, it is time to retire the vinyl-wallet manufacturer and the Pontiac Bonneville, both of which have done good service in Wolfe's past work and deserve a break.

I imagine that, given the competition, Tom Wolfe feels the way Fitzgerald felt after the First World War—"America [read: New York] was going on the greatest, gaudiest spree in history and there was going to be plenty to tell about it. The whole golden boom was in the air. . . . " After putting together the best body of work of any American journalist since Mencken, Wolfe is writing a novel which, whatever its defects, will probably tell us more, in the Trollopian phrase, about "the way we live now" than any novel published in recent memory. Wolfe once ventured the sound opinion that Evelyn Waugh will eventually stand as England's major novelist of the twentieth century, because Waugh told us so much about society and its manners. I don't think it rash to predict that Wolfe, both for his journalism and now for his foray into the novel, will be remembered for the same reasons, long after Roth, Updike & Co. have become unreadable footnotes to the literary age. □

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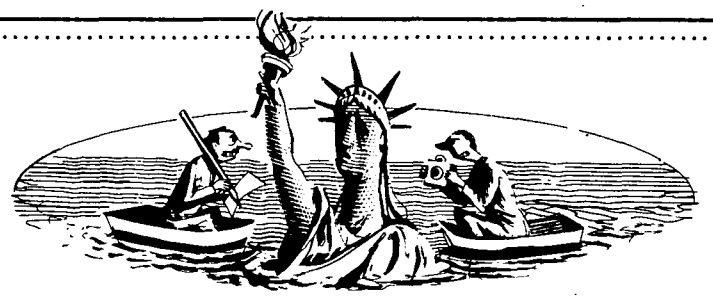

STANDARD PRACTICES

by Fred Barnes

Correct me if I'm wrong, but wasn't Ronald Reagan the guy who tried the hard-line approach in negotiating on nuclear arms reductions with the Soviets? Didn't he say that the way to get the Russians to negotiate seriously about balanced arms cuts was not to propose fresh concessions but to strengthen American forces dramatically? And wasn't he unconcerned when the Soviets bolted the arms talks in 1983 in pique over his deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe? As I recall, he said they'd come around once it dawned on them that he wasn't fooling about upgrading America's arsenal, even to the point of turning to futuristic Star Wars anti-missile technology. Don't fret. Don't panic. They'll be back. And sure enough, they've agreed to come back to the talks, having caved in on all their preconditions and demands.

Well, obviously my recollection is faulty. For, in all the press accounts of how the Soviets found their way back to the negotiating table, Reagan gets practically no credit at all. So it must have been some other American President in the early 1980s who took this unflinching, patient, and hard-line approach. But no. It *was* Reagan who pursued that tack, according to the press version. That just wasn't what prompted the Soviets to abandon all their demands and toddle back to Geneva. It was, er, other things. Dusko Doder, the Moscow correspondent for the *Washington Post*, wrote that the Soviets concluded their own hard-line position against American missiles in Europe wasn't working; ergo, they changed tactics, hoping that new talks might be useful in splitting the United States and its European allies, an old Soviet goal. You might think there's a reverse side to this, namely that the hard-line Soviet opposition to the missiles didn't work because Reagan's unswerving insistence on deploying them did. But Doder makes no mention of this. Nor does Leslie Gelb of the *New York Times*, who suggested that the fresh round of negotiations reflects little more than a desire by the Americans and Soviets for renewed détente. *Time* contended both sides opted for more talks because of "a tacit understanding that the nuclear superpowers should at least put aside polemics while searching for a compromise." And so on.

Now, I confess to a certain lack of surprise over the media's failure to give Reagan any credit. That's standard practice. But this time the blame-him-don't-praise-him game soars to a higher level. Not only Reagan himself but also his policy gets no credit. This has happened before in the press. Remember the economic recovery that Mr. Reagan said his tax cuts would generate? *Voilà*, a recovery came and the media gave the credit to the Federal Reserve's policy of easing up on the money supply (which played a part, I admit). In the case of arms control, consider for a moment the matter of Star Wars. Nearly every piece of analysis noted that Star Wars was an inducement to the Soviets to return to the talks, though some analyses didn't make too fine a point of this. Gelb didn't get around to mentioning the impact of Star Wars until the twenty-second paragraph of his story. "The idea, it seemed, both frightened the Russians and impelled them to return to the bargaining table," he wrote. *Time* said that "the Soviets left no doubt that killing Star Wars remains their prime objective." Yet you'd have thought Star Wars dropped into the Administration's lap out of the blue and was somehow not an arrow that Reagan quite intentionally had stuffed into his quiver. Poor Reagan. He was ridiculed when he proposed in March 1983 to accelerate research into this anti-missile scheme. A loony idea, can't work, blue smoke and mirrors—that was the press consensus at the time. And now that Star Wars worked at least in pushing the Soviets back to the bargaining table, the decision to pursue Star Wars has miraculously been disassociated from Reagan. Sorry, fella, if it works you couldn't be responsible.

There's still another twist in this Star Wars business. The conventional wisdom in Washington journalism holds that while Star Wars may have helped get the arms talks going again, it now threatens to prevent a treaty from being reached or, worse, might even provoke the Soviets into deploying more and more big, land-based, offensive missiles. Is this getting too complicated for you? You may have to be adept at serpentine logic to keep up. Anyway, Strobe Talbott of *Time*—the guy whose book on arms control, *Deadly Gambits*, won such lavish praise from Walter Mondale during the second presidential debate last October—said both no treaty and more Soviet missiles aimed at us may be the legacy of Star Wars. "Achieving any agreement will be especially hard now that the U.S. has reopened the issue of strategic defenses," he wrote. "The Soviets are all the less likely to cut back their offensive forces if the U.S. is bent on trying to render 'impotent and obsolete' the ones they are allowed to keep." Robert Kaiser of the *Washington Post* echoed Talbott. Star Wars "would inevitably compel the Soviets to build more offensive weapons. (How else could they counter a new American system that could destroy a portion of Soviet rockets in flight? They would build more rockets and more decoys, too.)"

What eludes these folks is the notion that maybe the Soviets don't want to go to the enormous expense of checkmating Star Wars by aiming more missiles at America. Maybe they'll wise up and realize there's another way out—negotiate real reductions in nuclear arms, including reductions in their land-based arsenal. Might not Star Wars push them in this direction? As luck would have it, a few lonely voices in journalism have recognized this. One was Charles Krauthammer of the *New Republic*. "Far from being a threat to arms control, Star Wars, by offering a unilateral American alternative [to deploying more missiles], is an inducement," he wrote. "It has already coaxed Gromyko to Geneva and Gorbachev to declare that his side is willing to negotiate radical reductions in offensive arms—once Star Wars is dealt with, of course." Another voice of Star Wars sanity was the *Economist*, the British newsweekly. "It was the announcement of the Strategic Defense Initiative [the proper name of Star Wars] research programme that

Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

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brought the Russians back to the negotiating table," the magazine wrote. "The programme is also the best way of keeping them there, and getting them to accept lower levels of missile armament than they have so far been willing to contemplate. This is leverage."

It is leverage whether Star Wars is treated as a bargaining chip or as the new reality in arms that shifts the emphasis to strategic defense. This second possibility is totally beyond the imagination of most of the press. Star Wars as a reasonably effective shield against nuclear attack? Not a chance. Jude Wanniski is one of the few dissenters on this point. The strategy of missile defense has already replaced that of mutually assured destruction, which relies on offsetting clusters of offensive missiles, Wanniski wrote in his monthly newsletter. "A defensive component gives a President leeway in agreeing on offensive builddowns," he said. "... In the long run, then, defense is 'stabilizing,' rendering any buildup for an offensive first strike hopelessly expensive and complicated."

One final thing. Some journalists went to considerable lengths to make the case that the hard-line approach wasn't responsible for the new negotiations. The usual tack was to say that both sides yielded substantially. Actually, as Doder wrote, "it is the Soviets who seem to have made more concessions." I'll say. Who had vowed to keep away from the talks until the Pershing II and cruise missiles were taken out of Europe? The Soviets. Who said they wanted to negotiate on Star Wars but nothing else? The Soviets. Who agreed to terms for the new talks that they had rejected out of hand last summer? Yup. The Soviets. In spite of this, *Time* wrote sneeringly of "American hardliners [who] contended that the agreement [for new talks] vindicated their belief that the U.S. could bring Moscow back to the bargaining table by hanging tough. [Assistant Defense Secretary Richard] Perle noted the Soviets' silence on removal of U.S. missiles from Western Europe and crowed, somewhat ungraciously, 'We accepted their capitulation graciously.'" Added *Time*: "That overstates the case." *Au contraire*. That states it just about perfectly, I'd say.

• • •

Newsweek may be in the vanguard of an ideological realignment to the right of the national media, having recently hired lapsed liberal Morton Kondracke away from the *New Republic* to be its Washington bureau chief. But it was up to the old practice of caricature journalism in its cover story at the end of 1984 about Yuppies. You know, present a few egregious examples of something as if they are representative. Granted, the Yuppies *Newsweek* came up with were not the common run; these folks were truly obnoxious—bloodless, greedy, self-indulgent, vain, status-conscious, irreligious, apolitical. But are most 25-to-35 year olds like that? Not in my experience.

Yuppie-bashing has simply become a media sport. The whole concept is vague enough—for you nerds who have been sleeping for the last few years, yuppies are young urban professionals—that everyone despises them. Liberals don't like yuppies because they supposedly have no social conscience, no zeal for things like tax increases and anti-Reagan protest marches. Conservatives don't like yuppies because they were identified in 1984 with Gary Hart's presidential campaign. Christians don't like yuppies because they are agnostics. Thus whenever the media takes a swipe at yuppies, nearly everyone agrees with the criticism. I mean, could anybody like these people?

I do. Not the media caricature of yuppies, but the real people involved. The ones I know are pretty nice. Many are entrepreneurial. What's wrong with

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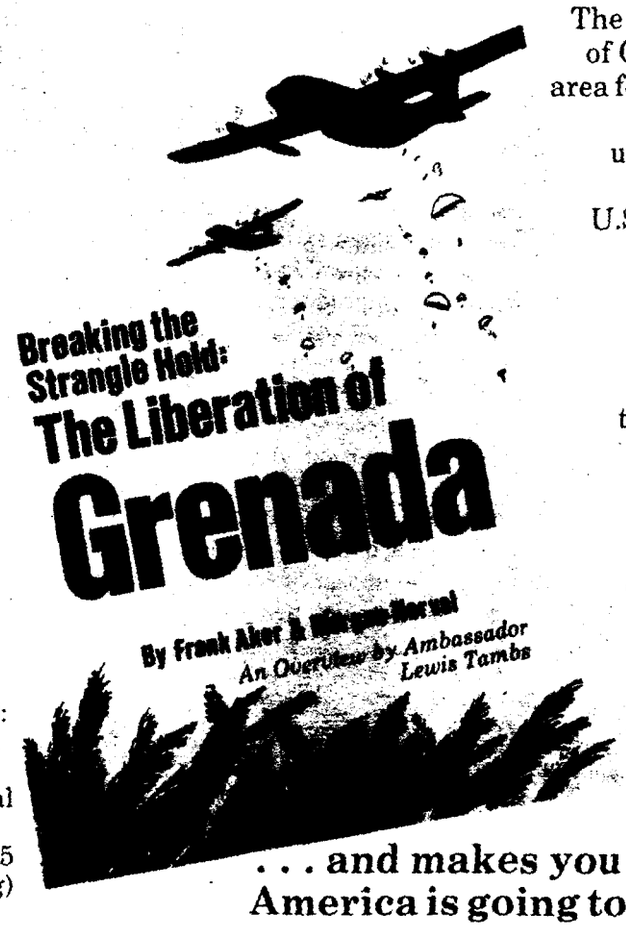
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that? Many are mildly interested in politics, but think there's more to life than speculating about who's-going-to-run and who's-going-to-win. Is that so bad? I know quite a few who are deeply religious, born-again Christians even. Should they be faulted for this? Not on your life.

But the way the press writes about yuppies, they are good for only one thing, being sneered at. Which is what a lot of political reporters did when covering Hart's campaign last year. I remember being summoned by another reporter before one of the primaries to attend a Hart rally and see all the yuppies. Naturally, we went to sneer at the well-dressed Hart enthusiasts sipping wine and cheering for Gary. These people might have lacked ideological commitment, but they sure were more attractive than a crowd at an anti-Chile rally or a Helen Caldicott speech. Their politics were a lot less kooky, too.

My favorite bit of yuppie-bashing came in a *Washington Post* article about a 37-year-old woman who gave up her job as an administrative assistant in Washington to become an anti-war street person. She keeps a vigil at the White House and sleeps in alleys with husband William Thomas, a peacenik who attracted her to the street life. She eats out of garbage cans and was even quoted as saying that leftovers from Hardee's are best. You may be getting the impression that this woman has gone around the bend, and that certainly was my reaction. But the gist of the article was that she had turned to a life of impoverished nobility. And it made this point in one sentence. It said: "Thus Ellen Benjamin, Yuppie, became Ellen Thomas, Activist." □

AMONG THE EDUCATIONALOIDS

TEACHERS' TABLOID

by Chester E. Finn, Jr.

Occasionally the values that guide an organization and the priorities that govern it emerge with special clarity from its communications with its own members.

The primary internal publication of the National Education Association is *NEA Today,* a tabloid that comes out eight times a year. All members automatically receive it; none but members may subscribe. Ranging in length from 24 to 32 pages, laid out with colorful graphics and many photographs, it is almost certainly the largest-circulation publication in the entire field of education as well as the principal means by which the NEA stays in touch with its legions. (State and local affiliates, of course, also have their own publications.)

One can spend an interesting evening rummaging through a stack of *NEA Today,* as I recently did with the issues published during 1984. Many of the articles are harmless. Some appear genuinely helpful to teachers. A good deal of space is taken up with routine organizational news, profiles of individual members, advertisements (especially by computer companies) and divers services and benefits—retirement planning, cut-rate travel, insurance, and the like. But hither and yon are discussions of education policy, domestic social policy, and foreign policy that are, as it were, revelatory. And everywhere is politics: organizational politics, local politics, state politics, above all national politics.

Granted, 1984 was an election year and thus perhaps atypical. But Walter Mondale's name appeared on the cover of five issues (and his photo on one). The only front page mention of the incumbent President said "New Reagan budget shortchanges education (again)." And the "President's Viewpoint"—a monthly column on page two by association chief Mary Hatwood Futrell—was devoted to the national elections six of eight times.

In January-February, she explained that Reagan's vaunted "niceness" is a myth and "we in the education community must not be beguiled . . . or mesmerized." In March, she attacked his interest in school discipline. In April, any members troubled by the Association's political activism were advised that "it is unprofessional and patently irresponsible for educators to abandon the political realm" and that the NEA's huge political action committee "could well be called our Educational Excellence Commission." The May column defended a congeries of federal programs such as bilingual education and the Women's Educational Equity Act against the "nonsense" and "brutal message" of the Reagan Administration. October featured a straightforward Mondale endorsement, coupled with the suggestion that NEA members who like Reagan ought to listen to their consciences. November was a plea to get out the vote in order to elect "an Administration that's committed to giving schools the resources they need." On the facing page was a loving interview with Fritz Mondale's fifth-grade teacher in Elmore: "He always had a big grin on his face," she recalled, "and he was constantly helping people."

The electoral politics should come as no surprise, inasmuch as it's been obvious for about a decade that the National Education Association is first and foremost a political union. What was more remarkable, to me at least, in the pages of *NEA Today* during 1984 was the pervasiveness of ideology, both with respect to educational issues and to national and international affairs loosely cloaked in enough education to justify their discussion. Herewith a sampler:

January-February. This is the issue in which the NEA rates members of Congress according to their stands on selected "issues of concern to NEA." There were just seven key votes tallied in the House, including the Equal Rights Amendment; senators were also

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recorded seven times, including the bill to establish a Martin Luther King, Jr. national holiday. This issue of *NEA Today* contained the association's annual financial report, too, from which we see that it spent $75 million in 1983, $30 million of this sum for "organizational development" and another three million for government relations and political affairs. (The budgets of state and local affiliates, and of political action committees, are not included.)

March featured a famous debate on the pros and cons of continuing to teach English grammar in the schools —it was far from clear which side prevailed—and a scathing attack on the Reagan Administration's civil rights policies and practices, notably including the reconstitution of the Civil Rights Commission and the selection as its staff director of Linda Chavez, "a former top aide to American Federation of Teachers President Albert Shanker."

In April, *NEA Today* took on Arkansas governor Bill Clinton for his proposal (agreed to by the state legislature) to require all teachers in the state to pass a test of minimum academic competency. The great Nestlé boycott, which the NEA had endorsed in 1980, was touted as a success, leaving only the crop of one non-union lettuce grower on the list of "products that NEA urges members not to buy."

In May, the association announced its board's endorsement of the "National Week for Peace with Justice" to focus attention on "the human costs of the arms race" and to "spur discussion on the importance of reducing military expenditures." *NEA Today* also reminded members of the union's steadfast support for bilingual education programs of the kind that are slow to move children into "total English" classrooms. The Supreme Court came in for criticism because of its *Grove City* decision, which an association vice-president termed "another Reagan Administration–engineered blow to women's rights." (The NEA had joined in an *amicus* brief on the other side.) Members learned of another friend-of-the-court brief in a case testing the validity and inclusiveness of "union shop" arrangements, a brief specifically urging the Supreme Court to dissolve limits on the use of "agency fees" (dues paid unwillingly by employees who decline to be union members) for "political and ideological activities unrelated to bargaining." May was also the month in which a special insert supplied the texts of amendments to the constitution and bylaws that would be considered at the NEA's upcoming annual convention. Included were proposals to bar from active membership anyone "serving in an administrative capacity" in the schools; to drop the limit on the number of terms that an individual can serve as an association officer; and to perfect the NEA's already-elaborate system of ethnic quotas by requiring the board to "maintain twenty percent ethnic-minority representation" by filling any vacancies that arise between national conventions.

By June, the national political conventions were on the horizon, and *NEA Today* regaled readers with news of the association's role in drafting the Democratic party platform. This was not a trivial role: "As we go to press, 13 of the more than 100 Democrats serving on the platform committee are Association members." Also featured this month was an account of NEA efforts to enact a federal collective bargaining law for public employees, so that the dozen or so states that have thus far resisted teacher unionization would no longer have a choice. Included in the proposed federal law—support for which is now one of the litmus tests applied to congressional candidates seeking NEA endorsement—are "exclusive representation," the right to strike, and the power to exact dues from nonmembers. Not to neglect the rest of the world, the June issue takes readers on a brief visit to Chile where, they learn, "dogmatic 'free market' economists trained in the U.S. have effectively dismantled a once-thriving education system." Lest members not see the connection to the association's domestic political agenda, it is spelled out for them: "What would happen to our public school system if Ronald Reagan's most zealous rightwing supporters were given a free hand? There's a good chance it would become a carbon copy of Chile's."

After a summer hiatus, *NEA Today* reappeared in October with an issue devoted substantially to the upcoming presidential election, complete with profiles of five teachers who said they had voted for Reagan in 1980 but would not do so in 1984. An updated "legislative report card" gave members a timely reminder of which congressmen deserve support at the polls. An interview with Judy Blume, the author of myriad risqué novels for teenagers, makes her out to be a victim of "censorship" because some parents, school boards—and even librarians and teachers—do not consider her books suitable. The centerpiece of the October issue, however, was the report produced by the NEA's "Blue Ribbon Task Force on Educational Excellence," and adopted at the national convention in July. Its principal recommendation was that starting teacher pay across the country be hiked to a minimum of $24,000. As for including any gauge of

Revolutionary Reprints Thomas Paine Would Distribute Proudly

(and the *New York Times* would not dare publish)

"The Befuddlement of American Catholicism" by William McGurn. In this reprint from the March 1984 issue, European editor McGurn traces the church's move toward a massive clerical intrusion into all aspects of secular life, from bishops embracing unilateral disarmament to disenchanted nuns excoriating the Reagan administration's moral callousness. With some of the bishops penning yet another socialist indictment of the American condition, this article provides an understanding of these New Age clerics.
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"Gay Times and Diseases" by Patrick J. Buchanan and J. Gordon Muir. This expose of the diseases that accompany the American homosexual lifestyle, and the health threat these diseases pose to non-homosexuals is must reading at a time when Americans are being asked to accept homosexuality into the mainstream of their culture.
($.75 for one, $6 for ten, $12 for twenty-five, $45 for one hundred)

"Sanctifying Revolution: Protestantism's New Social Gospel" by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac. The Isaacs' research into the Marxist links behind various church movements first made headlines when it appeared in the May 1981 issue of the *Spectator,* and was followed shortly thereafter by coverage on *60 Minutes.* In the wake of the WCC's criticism of the Afghan freedom fighters, the Isaacs' documentation of how Church money is being spent in various countries is now more important than ever—makes an ideal gift for your minister.
($1 for one, $6 for ten, $12 for twenty-five, $30 for one hundred)

"The Counterfeit Peacemakers: Atomic Freeze" by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac. This 12-page investigative report appeared in the June 1982 issue and documents Soviet involvement in the nuclear freeze movement. This article was the subject of a White House Press conference, as well as numerous national newspaper articles and television shows.
($1.25 for one, $10 for ten, $20 for twenty-five, $75 for one hundred)

"Is Supply-Side Economics Dead?": a symposium. Although Carterites and other liberal intellectualoids tried to declare it DOA, Tyrrell assembled this collection of economic wizards for the November 1983 issue to find if supply-side economics still lived and breathed. Among the writers featured here are Messrs. Bartley, Forbes, Gilder, Kemp, Laffer, and Wanniski. This is truly important reading as President Reagan begins the second leg on his trek toward returning America to prosperity.
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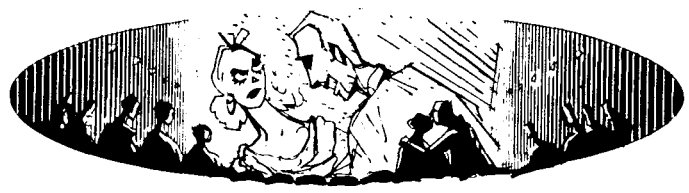
teaching prowess or professional merit in the calculation of individual salaries, "the NEA is unalterably opposed to so-called merit pay plans."

In November, the association deplored "increased emphasis on the so-called basics" because of the damper it places on high-school "electives." A summary of recent research findings on how school districts handle "incompetent" teachers located the onus squarely on administrators with nary a hint that the teaching profession ought to police itself. Worried teachers can relax, however, for most administrators don't know what they're doing, and the courts can be counted upon to protect teachers from dismissal.

At year's end, we discover that the lettuce grower wasn't enough to satisfy the association's urge to boycott, so Coors beer is added, not only because of an unresolved labor dispute at the brewery, but also because Joseph Coors "is a substantial contributor to right-wing organizations," notably the Heritage Foundation, which "backs tuition tax credits and vouchers to 'promote educational excellence.' " Good gracious. The Texas legislature comes under fire for having passed a comprehensive education reform law—the one conceived by Ross Perot—that the NEA found "severely flawed," primarily because of its emphasis on merit pay and teachers' career ladders. (Texas governor Mark White has indicated that the state teachers' association was a substantial roadblock on the route to school reform.)

The highlight of the December issue, however, at least for watchers of NEA's office of "Peace Programs and International Relations," is an account of a visit to Nicaragua last summer by twenty American educators. Two association members who were part of that delegation report in *NEA Today* that the "literacy campaign" being waged by the Sandinista government is going swimmingly save for one slight problem: U.S. policy toward Nicaragua. It turns out that the "contras" are not too fond of Sandinistan teachers. More to the point, educational resources are inadequate because "a major share of Nicaragua's resources is now diverted to defend against the contras, the U.S.-backed insurgents." If, in other words, the United States would abandon its misguided support for the opposition and leave the Sandinistas to work their will in Nicaragua, literacy programs would flourish and, one supposes, Nicaraguan children would not be distracted from learning exactly what their government wants them to know. Presumably resources would also be freed up for the other domestic and international pursuits of the Sandinista regime. If the National Education Association of the United States has any reservations whatsoever about those pursuits, it has certainly managed to conceal them from its own members. □

THE TALKIES



SHAWCROSS ON SCREEN

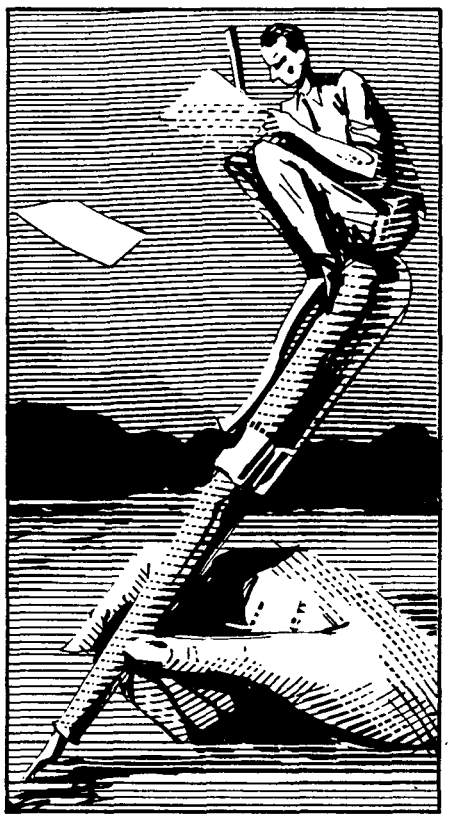
by John Podhoretz

Movies delve into politics at their peril. There have been very few financially or artistically successful political movies, and justly so. The latest example is the highly praised *The Killing Fields*, an intermittently great movie about two journalists in Cambodia during the American bombings in the early 1970s and the takeover by the genocidal Khmer Rouge in 1975. Despite its force, and the indelible emotional authority of its best scenes, *The Killing Fields* destroys itself by attempting a portrait of a political situation too complicated for its makers to understand.

Movies work best when they deal with dramatic situations that raise interesting but relatively simple moral dilemmas that are easily and comfortably resolved. Each different movie genre has some such setup: the Western, with a man establishing order where there was chaos; the gangster movie, where the joys of crime are inevitably balanced by an early death; the romantic comedy, where the boy gets the girl, loses her, and gets her back again.

There is a very good reason for these simple formulae. When we watch a movie, we do know that the story is a fiction, an invented series of situations. But that is not what we *see*. What we see is real: real people, real houses, real streets, an extraordinarily accurate representation of the world around us.

And more than that: Movies take the world we know and convert it into something quite beautiful. A good director and a good director of photography can make an ordinary house look almost magical, can make a street corner that you pass by every day and to which you never give a second thought something quite different, quite unfamiliar, quite remarkable.



This is the particular power of the movies, and it is what separates them from the other art forms. It is the medium's strength and its glory. But that surface power conceals underlying weaknesses. In a novel, a writer can bring a reader inside a character's mind, reveal what he is thinking. So a novelist can devote pages and pages to thought alone, in which thought itself becomes a kind of dramatic action. That, of course, is impossible in a movie.

This may seem like a terrible flaw, and it is the flaw that makes film an art form considerably lower than the traditional forms with which it is competing. But the dramatic simplicity of the movies adds to their power. A simple, universal moral dilemma—which basically boils down in every situation to should I do right, which might not be fun, or do wrong, which would be fun but would hurt people—makes the movies the most accessible of the art forms, and the most populist.

But political dramas can never be that simple. They are, in fact, the most ambiguous of dramas, and raise insuperably difficult moral questions.

The basic dilemma in a political drama is about means and ends: whether an ultimately good end justifies immoral actions to reach it, or whether behaving well and morally in the short term will have unforeseen bad results later on. Should Pierre of *War and Peace* assassinate Napoleon? Is war just under any circumstances? Can the goal of reforming a political system justify terrorism?

And political dramas raise the problem of personal ambition in its starkest form. Anthony Trollope's Phineas Finn, a young and idealistic member of Parliament, must face the fact that he must sacrifice his ideas for the sake of his party and his own advancement in it. He must also face the fact that to make it in London, he needs to make a brilliant marriage, even though he has promised himself to sweet Mary Jones back home in Ireland.

Phineas does the right thing, but he basically forsakes his chances of ever becoming more than a secondary minister in a Parliamentary cabinet. And that is the ultimate sacrifice he makes, for he knows, and we know, that ultimately he would make a superb Prime Minister. So was his sacrifice worth it? There is no answer.

The Killing Fields, based on Sydney Schanberg's Pulitzer-Prize winning *New York Times Magazine* article "The

John Podhoretz is critic at large and features editor of the Washington Times.

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Death and Life of Dith Pran," takes us through seven years in the lives of Schanberg (Sam Waterston), the *New York Times* correspondent in Cambodia, and Pran (Dr. Haing S. Ngor), his loyal native assistant. Pran is an indispensable Sancho Panza, without whom Schanberg's archly-described "mission to let the American people know what is going on" would be impossible. He arranges for Schanberg to reach sites that United States army planes have inadvertently bombed, and works as translator, source, and guide.

As the Lon Nol government begins to collapse, Schanberg hears from his sources at the U.S. embassy that the Khmer Rouge guerrillas led by Pol Pot are intent on turning the country into a mass graveyard once they take power. He must arrange for Pran's escape. But Pran refuses to leave Schanberg's side. "I'm a journalist too, Sydney," he pleads, his eyes filling with tears. Schanberg does not force the question. Pran gets his wife and children out of the country, but does not go with them.

So they wait, and the Khmer Rouge marches into Phnom Penh. All native Cambodians are forcibly evacuated from the capital city. Pran, Schanberg, and the remaining Westerners in the city take up refuge in the French embassy. By now it is clear that Pran should have left, that the bloodbath is beginning. Frantically, Schanberg's photographer friend Al tries to work up a false passport photo for Pran, to stick into the expired passport of one of the British journalists cooped up in the embassy.

But Al does not have the proper developing equipment, and the picture keeps fading. At last he manages to work one up, and there is much celebrating. But the next day the French ambassador gives Sydney the passport back. He shakes his head, and flips the page open to the photo. It, too, has faded to nothingness. Pran must face life under the Khmer Rouge.

Most of this is brilliantly rendered. Schanberg is portrayed here as a stickly, proud, rather unpleasant fellow whose treatment of Pran is almost dismissively authoritarian. When Pran cannot get a plane or a boat to take Schanberg to the site of the inadvertent American bombing, Schanberg is furious. "Don't tell me can't," he screams, and the ever-eager and aiming-to-please Pran, almost desperate in his idolization of the American journalist, scurries away to try again.

The most extraordinary scenes are those delineating the desperate straits of the Cambodian people. Director Roland Joffé and cinematographer Chris Menges present us with the burned, bloody bodies of children in a clinic filled to overflowing, a harried Scottish doctor pulling bits of Khmer Rouge shrapnel from a child's body, an old man wandering dazedly around the ruins that once were his home.

As the long march out of Phnom Penh begins, we see families carrying the bodies of wounded relatives on stretchers, amputees hobbling their way down the long road, a little child frantically searching for his mother, a mother he will never find again. The camera pulls back to show us the march itself, thousands upon thousands walking toward the countryside that will become one large prison camp.

And the scenes in the embassy have a comparable power. Al the photographer (the remarkable John Malkovich) scurries about the once-grand, now darkened and tattered remains of the French colonial mansion searching for some Polaroid film; the Scottish doctor plays absent-mindedly on the piano, breaking into "When You're Smiling" when the word comes that residents of the embassy are to be flown out of the country. There is little to do but get drunk.

Nonetheless, the movie makers have already begun delving into political questions they do not, or will not, explain or understand. At one point, Schanberg faces down a villainous U.S. army adviser who will not allow him to take a helicopter out to survey a bombed out town. "You have no right to do this," Schanberg screams, "it violates the Cooper-Church amendment." "Up the Cooper-Church amendment!" the adviser screams back. Later, the adviser chillingly repeats the words "no comment" over and over in response to Schanberg's probing questions.

The movie buys lock, stock, and barrel the theory proposed by William Shawcross in his book *Sideshow* that the United States was responsible for the coming to power of the Khmer Rouge. The guerrillas represent no threat at the beginning of the movie; we hardly ever see them. What we do see is the evil U.S. adviser, and the bomb site, and the Cambodian regular army, which shoots a few civilians in the bombed city and then takes Schanberg and Pran prisoner.

Somehow, then, we are to believe that the Khmer Rouge rose magically in response to American actions. For a viewer who does not know that the Khmer Rouge were powerful allies of the same North Vietnamese troops whose secret bases in Cambodia were the reason for the U.S. bombings in the first place, the guerrillas' sudden rise to power is confusing, and a dramatic liability. For the viewer who does know the truth, the movie is calculatedly dishonest.

And though we offhandedly hear the name of Prince Norodom Sihanouk mentioned, we are given no clue that he is the single most important figure in modern Cambodian history. The situation whereby the Khmer Rouge rose to power was an extremely complicated one, and had to do with an alliance they struck with the Prince, who had been deposed by the Lon Nol government. Much too complicated for a movie to explain, certainly. But if a movie chooses to take a political stand about a real-life situation, it is under the same obligation as any writer: to provide the necessary details.

All we get here is that the Americans bombed, and the Khmers came to power. And the second half of the movie gets completely lost in a fog of its own devising. Schanberg returns to New York, guilt-stricken over Pran's

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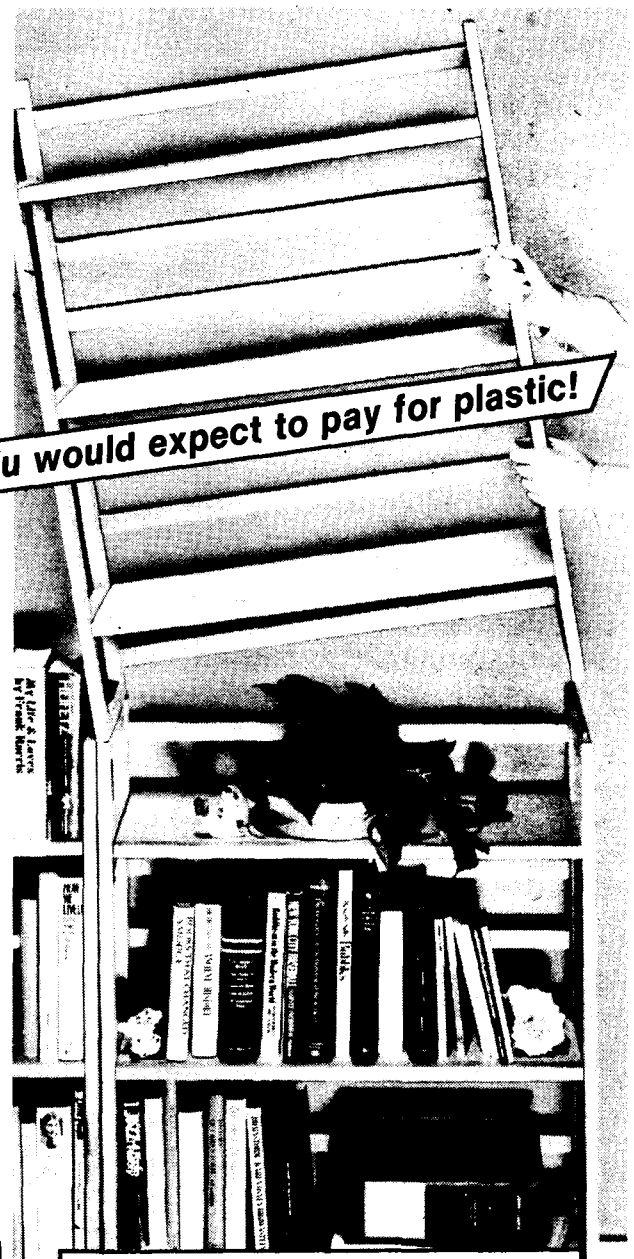

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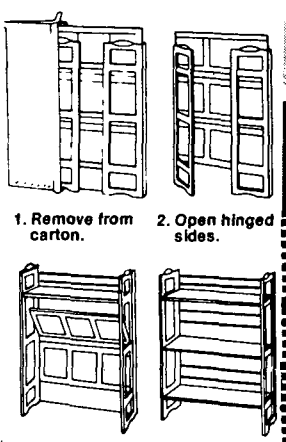

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fate. Meanwhile, Pran makes do as best he can in Pol Pot's labor camps.

In the movie's most preposterous scene, Schanberg sits in his New York apartment in front of a television hooked up to a videotape recorder, watching a documentary on the Nixon bombings in Cambodia. He keeps rewinding the tape, and watching it over again. He presses the fast-forward button, watches the bloody bodies carted away in double time, his eyes bulging with horror.

First of all, almost no one had a VCR in his home in 1976, and there was not a VCR available at the time with fast-forward capability. But that is a small point. The whole scene is dramatically ludicrous: Schanberg saw these events first-hand, so why would he be so horrified to watch them again on television?

That is not, of course, the meaning we are to gather from the scene. Schanberg is in torment because he feels responsible for Pran's dire straits. And what we have here is a comparison between his relations with Pran and the relations between the United States and Cambodia as the movie sees them. The United States, you see, misused Cambodia and drove it into the genocidal arms of the Khmer Rouge. Schanberg, ever in pursuit of the big story, did not force Pran to leave the country when the guerrillas took power, and thus drove Pran into the genocidal arms of the Khmer Rouge.

Maybe this is what Schanberg did, but that does not matter. The comparison of the problems of two people, even if one is in the hands of the Khmer Rouge, to the slaughter of two million Cambodians is absurd and almost sickening.

Despite his moral quandary, Schanberg still feels confident enough about his morality to accept an award for his work and denounce the U.S. role in Cambodia. The movie takes this at face value, even though it has called everything Schanberg has ever done into dispute.

So it is up to our old friend, Al the photographer, to denounce Schanberg for his ambition. "You kept Pran with you so you could win this award," Al says. "No," Schanberg stammers, "I'm doing everything I can, I'm writing letters on Pran's behalf."

Why has it taken Al a full year to yell at Schanberg? Why didn't he tell Schanberg all this when Pran was in Cambodia? Why didn't Al make Pran leave? Maybe Al, too, is the United States writ small.

No, that is not what we are supposed to think, but who knows what we are supposed to think? Does screenwriter Bruce Robinson know what he really thinks?

The movie is on firmer ground when it flashes to Pran's experiences in the Khmer camps. It is Year One; all that has passed before the Khmer Rouge takeover is to be forgotten. Adults are therefore, by their very existence, evil. A child walks up to a chalkboard on which we see stick figures of father, mother, and children, and calmly puts an *x* across the father and mother. The other children applaud her. Later, we see the child grab an adult by the hand, lead him to a clearing, and place a plastic bag over his head to suffocate him.

Pran escapes from the camp and wanders through the countryside. He is in a swamp, and falls into a puddle. When he rises from the water, he finds that he is surrounded by skeletons. He rears in horror, the camera pulls back, and we see a mile of skeletons, all victims of Khmer torture, all lying in the swamp.

He finds work with a Khmer leader, acting as a babysitter. The leader expresses his dissatisfaction with the way things are going, and asks Pran to take his son and escape the country. Pran wanders through the beautiful Cambodian jungle, picturesquely crossing rope bridges and sitting placidly by streams. The child dies when Pran steps on a mine and must let it detonate by removing his foot. Pran lives, however, and eventually makes his way to a Red Cross hospice.

There are remarkable things in these scenes, but there is a lamentable tendency towards aestheticization throughout. Director Joffé cannot restrain himself from making everything beautiful. Every shot is so wondrously framed and designed that even the horrifying swamp graveyard is almost surreally lovely.

And there is another problem. For all the corpses in the swamp and the plastic bags, there is not a scene of Khmer Rouge destruction to rival the U.S. bombings we see at the beginning of the film. We get the sense that the Khmers are running a terrifying regime, but we do not get the sense that two million people have died. Without making that point, the true horror of the Cambodian situation is never really demonstrated here.

More offensively, the second half of the film keeps cutting between Schanberg's moral agonies over Pran's plight and Pran's agonies, as if to compare the two.

Finally, in 1979, Schanberg gets a message from Pran: He is alive and working at the Red Cross tent hospital. (Somehow, the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia in 1978 and the deposition of the Khmer Rouge is left entirely out of the film.)

We see Pran wrapping a bandage around an amputee's leg when he is told that an American has come to see him. He walks outside and spots Schanberg. Schanberg spots him. The two advance upon one another and hug. The John Lennon song "Imagine" comes in full and clear on the soundtrack: "Imagine all the people/living life in peace . . . "

The childish, pacifist utopianism of the song is about the most profound political statement Joffé and Robinson can find, and it sums up the confusion and naiveté of this often extraordinary film. After all the bombing, all the war, all the killing, we get the following message: "If only people would be nice to each other."

Be nice is the ultimate moral of most political films. Unfortunately, politics is not a Hallmark card. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

NOMENKLATURA: THE SOVIET RULING CLASS

Michael Voslensky/Doubleday/$18.95

Joseph Shattan

Everyone is familiar with Winston Churchill's characterization of the Soviet Union as "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." Ever since the Soviet regime was established, understanding this riddle *cum* mystery *cum* enigma has been a major preoccupation of Western foreign policy. Some Western students have found the answer to the Soviet riddle in the obscure formulations of Marxist-Leninist ideology; others have tried to solve the mystery of Soviet intentions by placing them within the context of Russian history; still others have sought to penetrate the enigma of the Soviet policy-making process by differentiating between moderates and hard-liners, hawks and doves. And not a few analysts of Soviet affairs have declared that the whole problem is really no problem at all, that the Soviets are essentially no different from us.

Michael Voslensky, a prominent Soviet historian who was expatriated by the regime in 1977 and now directs the Institute of Contemporary Soviet Research in Munich, has developed a different line of argument. Soviet policy, he asserts, is best understood as reflecting the interests of the Soviet ruling class, the *nomenklatura.* The *nomenklatura,* Voslensky writes, "is a class of privileged exploiters. It acquired wealth from power, not power from wealth. The domestic policy of the *nomenklatura* class is to consolidate its dictatorial power, and its foreign policy is to extend it to the whole world."

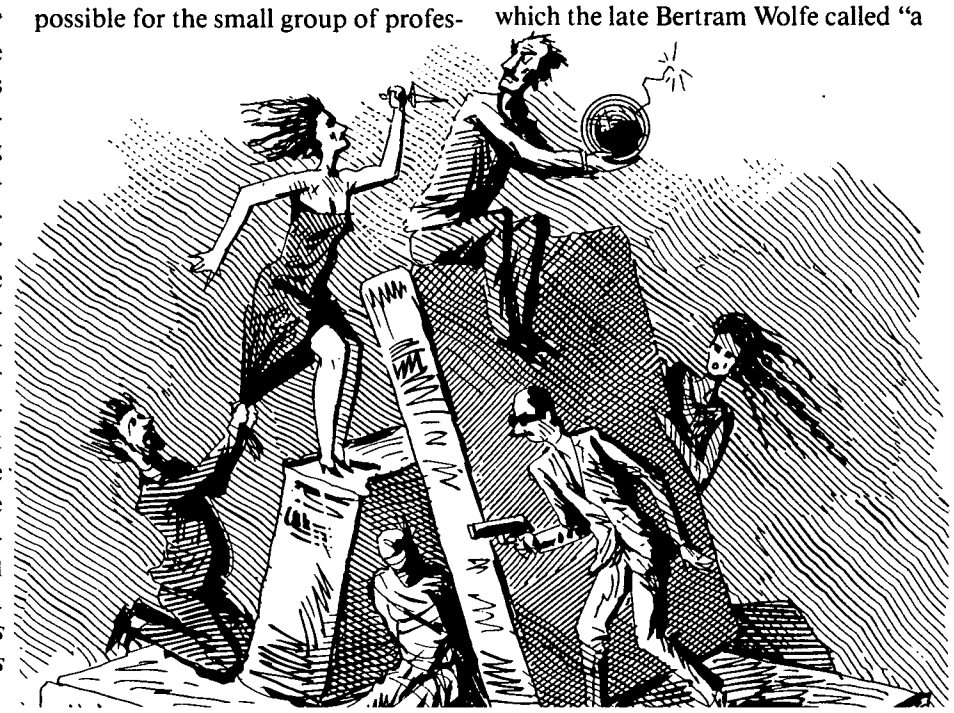
Of course, Voslensky is not the first writer to draw attention to the *nomenklatura,* or to describe its essential characteristics. Back in 1969, the *Program of the Democratic Movement of the Soviet Union* declared, "In the course of the past half century it is neither workers nor peasants nor intellectuals who have become the ruling class, but a fourth group: the new exploiting class that reigns autocratically and holds all the threads of power in its hands, their majesties the bureaucratic elite." And in 1976, Andrei Sakharov wrote, "Although the appropriate sociological studies either have not been carried out in our country, or have been classified as secret, it may be affirmed that as early as the 1920s and 30s—and definitely in the post-war years—a special Party-bureaucratic stratum was formed and could be discerned. This is the *nomenklatura,* as its members call themselves; or the 'new class,' as Milovan Djilas has named them."

But if Voslensky is not the first writer to analyze the class structure of the Soviet Union, his is certainly the most comprehensive account of the *nomenklatura* to date: of its origins, its way of life, its outlook, and its ambitions. If, after Voslensky's masterful survey, the term *nomenklatura* does not enter our language, and if the notion of a Soviet ruling class fails to inform our perception of Soviet policy, the fault will be ours, not his.

According to Voslensky, the *nomenklatura* consolidated its power in three stages. In the first historical stage, Lenin created a "party of a new type," an organization of professional revolutionaries which became the embryo of the new class. In the second stage, this party managed to seize power in Russia in 1917, and undertook to reorganize the whole of society, thereby becoming a ruling class. But the sheer magnitude of its self-appointed task made it impossible for the small group of professional revolutionaries to administer an entire country alone. They were forced to admit a new group into their ranks, careerists attracted solely by the prospect of rapid advancement, and soon the "Old Bolsheviks" found themselves "up against new forces, devoid of idealism, whose only clear aim was to creep into the bed of power." This new group found its champion in Stalin, whose interests he carefully and methodically advanced. As Voslensky observes:

> Stalin was well aware of the envious glances the *nomenklaturists* cast at the Leninists. Those old men who preserved some loyalty to the revolution in spite of their good jobs, their prestige, and the good life they led were alien and antipathetic to the newcomers. The latter needed only a signal to fling themselves like a pack of wolves on the enfeebled old fogies who were keeping them out of good positions.

That signal was provided in 1934 by Stalin's murder of Sergei Kirov, First Secretary of the Party in Leningrad, and a Politburo member. His assassination was the opening move in a massive purge of the Bolshevik old guard, which the late Bertram Wolfe called "a *coup d'état* in the Party," and which Voslensky calls "a bloodthirsty change of direction inside the new ruling class." The destruction of the old guard and the replacement of convinced Communists by a new group of cynics interested only in their own welfare was the third and final stage in the *nomenklatura*'s sanguinary ascent to power.



Once in power, the *nomenklatura* has made the most of a good thing. So different is its way of life from that of the average Soviet citizen that the 750,000 officials who belong to the *nomenklatura* (counting their family members, the figure comes to about 3 million) might well be said to inhabit a special country of their own, *Nomenklaturia,* where life is sweet indeed. According to Voslensky, *Nomenklaturia* is

> the country of the special, with special accommodations built by special builders, special country houses and vacation homes, special hospitals, out-patients' departments, and convalescent homes, special products sold in special shops, special buffets and canteens, special hairdressers, garages, gas stations, and license plates, a special information network, special kindergartens, schools, and institutions of higher education, special waiting rooms at stations and airports, and even a special cemetery.

Voslensky observes that the material privileges of what he calls—wrongly, in my view—"the ruling classes in the West" are far smaller than those of the *nomenklatura.* But he is astute enough to recognize that all comparisons between the "privileged classes in the bourgeois West" and the *nomenklatura* are fundamentally misleading. "The essential feature of capitalist society," he writes, "is not privilege, but money; in real socialist society it is not money, but privilege." In thinking about the status of the *nomenklatura,* it might be helpful to recall that in classical Roman law, slavery was defined as an institution, "whereby someone is subject to the *dominium* of another, contrary to nature." *Dominium,* with its connotations both of power and ownership, is precisely the quality which distinguishes the *nomenklatura* from alleged Western counterparts.

Having consolidated its position under Stalin, the *nomenklatura* has increasingly come to resemble a caste, into which one is born, rather than a class open to outsiders. "Most high-level *nomenklaturists* were appointed during the Yezhov period and the war," Voslensky informs us, "and the present

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corps of officials has just had time to bring up its children, who are now of an age to become *nomenklaturists* themselves." While it is still possible for a humble Party member to enter the charmed ranks of the *nomenklatura*—assuming, of course, that he possesses such necessary personal attributes as obsequiousness, cunning, and a total lack of scruples—such career paths are becoming rare. Far more typical are careers such as those of Brezhnev's son Yuri, Kosygin's daughter Ludmila, Mikoyan's son Sergo, Andropov's son Igor, and Gromyko's son Anatoly, all of whom enjoy comfortable positions in the *nomenklatura* by virtue of their illustrious parentage. It is sometimes said in the West that the Soviet elite is about to undergo a momentous generational change, and that as younger leaders assume control, the Soviet Union is bound to become more liberal. Yet when one recalls the caste-like nature of the *nomenklatura,* and when one further learns from Voslensky that the *jeunesse dorée* of the *nomenklatura* look down on their teachers in much the same way as "the children of the Athenian aristocracy probably looked down on their slave schoolmasters," it becomes exceedingly difficult to believe in the alleged liberal tendencies of the younger *nomenklaturists.*

Although the *nomenklatura* derives the right to rule from Marxist-Leninist ideology, Voslensky stresses that virtually no one in the *nomenklatura* really believes in Marxism-Leninism. Indeed, some of Marx's writings, such as his violently anti-Russian *History of the Secret Diplomacy of the Eighteenth Century,* are actually banned in the Soviet Union, and "the real Leninists were shot forty years ago in the cellars of the NKVD." The true ideology of the *nomenklatura,* according to Voslensky, is "Stalinist chauvinism." This chauvinism "was erected by the feudal aristocracy, and Stalin and his heirs superimposed onto it Marxist terminology and ideas from Marx and Lenin that serve the interests of the *nomenklatura.*" A corollary of this chauvinistic ideology is anti-Semitism, which "seemed to have leaped from behind German lines [during World War II] and infected the *nomenklatura* leaders. . . . It is good form among them to be outspokenly anti-Semitic; if one of their propagandists tries to deny it, disbelieve him, for it is a blatant lie."

The *nomenklatura* seeks to maintain and extend its power through the production of arms and advanced police equipment. Consumer goods are regarded as a necessary evil, an unavoidable concession to the labor force. If he is to remain productive, the Soviet worker must be provided with certain bare necessities: "Accommodation not exceeding twelve meters per person, a simple diet, cheap public transport to take him to work, and cheap propaganda newspapers and propaganda films." In order to get people back to work as quickly as possible, medical care is also provided in case of illness. By adopting the modest life-style prescribed by the *nomenklatura,* Soviet wage-earners can maintain their strength, reproduce themselves, and contribute to the greater glory of their masters. Naturally, when they grow old and end up in old age homes, their life expectancy shortens drastically: The *nomenklatura* can hardly be expected to support those elements of the population from which it cannot derive a profit.

Not unreasonably, the *nomenklatura* secretly believes that if it allowed its subjects to travel freely across Soviet frontiers, the country would soon be empty. It has therefore constructed an elaborate system of frontier fortifications. Voslensky compares the Soviet frontier to a ring fence around a huge concentration camp. "Everyone inside is assumed to be prepared to do anything for the sake of getting out, so everything possible must be done to prevent this." Should someone never-

It's a typical scene: Father confronts son with the inevitable question, "So what do you want to do when you graduate, Jim?"

"Well, I'm not really sure yet," Jim answers. "But I know I want to help people."

"Well, then," his dad responds, "why don't you go into business?"

"Uh...gee!" replies Jim, obviously shaken. "I guess I've never thought of that!"

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So the next time someone suggests to you that only the government can protect consumers, give 'em the business.

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theless manage to escape, Soviet search parties often pursue the runaway slave beyond Soviet territory.

From this brief summary of Voslensky's description of the *nomenklatura,* it is evident that the Marxist view of the state as the apparatus of the ruling class applies with singular accuracy to the Soviet Union. The *nomenklatura* is the "collective owner" of the means of production. It monopolizes all the political and economic resources of the country. Marxist-Leninist ideology is a "superstructure" elaborated by the *nomenklatura* to justify its exploitative rule. Although Soviet propaganda tirelessly maintains that there are no longer any "antagonistic classes" in Soviet society, this is obviously a ruse designed to induce "false consciousness" among the masses.

Viewing the Soviet state as the creature of the *nomenklatura* yields a number of insights into the nature of Soviet foreign policy. One often hears it argued, for example, that the Soviet leadership's awareness that the country has so often been invaded in the past causes it to live in a state of chronic insecurity; it is therefore up to the West to ease this historic insecurity by offering various and sundry unilateral concessions. Yet even a cursory familiarity with the Soviet class structure suggests a very different explanation for Soviet insecurity: When less than 1.5 percent of the population mercilessly exploits more than 98.5 percent of the population in the name of a doctrine no one believes in, one might well expect the exploiting class to feel insecure. How Western concessions can possibly serve to alleviate this sense of insecurity is far from self-evident.

Again, it is often said that the Soviet Union's Leninist orientation leads it to adopt a very cautious foreign policy. There may well be some truth in this assertion, but surely the *nomenklatura*'s awareness that it rules a population whose loyalty is far from certain is also likely to induce a degree of caution. Because it cannot be sure that its subjects will prove reliable in the event of a crisis, it must avoid crises whenever possible. In this connection, the *nomenklatura*'s reluctance to commit Soviet troops to the invasion and occupation of Poland, despite its alarm over Solidarity's activities, may have stemmed, at least in part, from its unwillingness to expose large numbers of its people to what can only be called a revolutionary situation. Who knows what dangerous ideas the soldiers might have become infected with? Apologists for General Jaruzelski claim that he is essentially a Polish patriot who acted to stave off an otherwise imminent Soviet invasion; yet when one considers Jaruzelski's actions in light of the *nomenklatura*'s class interests, it seems clear that the General actually rescued both the Soviet and Polish *nomenklaturas* from an extremely dangerous situation.

Finally, consider the much-debated question of whether the Soviet Union is bent on world domination. Those who answer this question affirmatively often cite Soviet declarations in support of world revolution and the inevitable, world-wide triumph of socialism. Their opponents reply by questioning the sincerity of such pronouncements. How is one to decide between these two views? According to Voslensky, the *nomenklatura*'s foreign policy once again reflects its class interests. What it fears above all else is the possibility that its subjects may one day tire of living in oppression and servitude:

> Because the mere existence of a free and affluent West shows its subjects that the capitalist system, in spite of all its faults, provides better living conditions, the *nomenklatura* believes that that day might come. As this has nothing to do with any provocative attitude on the part of the West, but is a consequence of its mere existence, no amount of détente or "good conduct" on its part will cause the Soviet leaders to depart from their general line and abandon their objective of destroying the Western system. The same consideration underlies *nomenklatura* policy in the countries of the Third World. . . . The *nomenklatura* fears that the countries of the Third World will take the Japanese path and make the Western system even more predominant on the world scale, permitting it not only to survive but to triumph. It therefore tries to force the developing countries down the Cuban path, which explains its dogged neocolonialist expansionism in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Because Voslensky's analysis of the structure, organization, and mode of behavior of the *nomenklatura* is unrelentingly grim, perhaps it is best to conclude on a somewhat lighter note. The story goes that one day Leonid Brezhnev invited his provincial mother to the Kremlin for a visit. He showed her his eighteen-room apartment, his collection of cars, his precious gems, his country dacha, yet the old lady seemed unimpressed. He proceeded to take her in his private plane to his hunting lodge, but her gloom only deepened. Finally, he asked her what was wrong, wasn't she proud of him?

"Of course I am, son," she replied, "only I can't help worrying about what might happen if the Reds should ever come back."

Keeping the "Reds" at bay at home, while encouraging them abroad—that, in a nutshell, is the policy of the *nomenklatura.* □

INSIDE THE CRIMINAL MIND

Stanton E. Samenow/Times Books/$15.50

William Tucker

Late last year in New York, a 21-year-old gang member killed a 23-year-old Harvard graduate while trying to rape and rob her on a rooftop. A few days later, a 16-year-old high school dropout murdered his girlfriend's 33-year-old mother because she tried to stop the couple from dating.

When reporters asked the 21-year-old why he killed his victim, he shouted, "It was her fault! She was a slut! She deserved it!"

When an uncle of the 16-year-old was asked to describe his murderous nephew, he replied: "I don't know what happened to this boy to make him so crazy. He was always fighting, never listened to his parents. He wouldn't go to school and he wouldn't go to work. He was no good in any way. He punched his sister the other day and broke her mouth just because she wouldn't get him a glass of water."

All this, of course, is what most of us now consider an ordinary day in American society. Such things happen as a matter of course. Thus, it wasn't long before the newspapers and the justice system were beginning to assure us that, just in case we felt any sense of outrage about all this, we'd better get those antiquated notions of crime and punishment out of our heads.

Within days the *New York Times* had written a long article suggesting the rape-murderer's problems probably stemmed from a head injury he sustained when he was struck by a car ten years ago. At the same time, his lawyers were moving to suppress his bragging confessions on the grounds that the police had failed to contact a lawyer who was already representing him on a previous assault charge. The story about the 33-year-old mother, on the other hand, quickly disappeared from the headlines—probably because the victim was Puerto Rican.

For anyone who reads Stanton E. Samenow's *Inside the Criminal Mind,* however, these brutal incidents fall into an ominously familiar pattern. They are the all-too-recognizable pieces in a true-life jigsaw puzzle that Samenow

William Tucker is a contributing editor of Harper's.

William D. Snider

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214 pp., $9.50 paper
February 1985

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has assembled in telling us what real crime and punishment are all about. A psychiatrist at Washington, D.C.'s St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the insane, Samenow has spent a decade dealing with thousands of criminals. Basically, he says, they all think alike.

"Although criminals differ in the crimes they find acceptable, they are carbon copies of one another in their view of themselves and the world," he writes. "All are liars and hide behind a mask of secrecy. They have an inflated self-image in which they regard themselves as special and superior and assume that people will do their bidding. Contemptuous of the world of law-abiding people, they share the view that the responsible world is a barren wasteland."

Criminals are people who believe that might makes right—although stealth often works just as well. They generally feel neither guilt nor fear, and lack what we would call a conscience. They are not playing the same game as the rest of the people in ordinary society.

A criminal has had, since childhood, a self-centered view of the world in which he believes that he is entitled to whatever he wants. Constantly he is sizing up his prospects for exploiting people and situations. . . .

If the criminal is . . . held accountable, he blames the victim for the violence because [the victim] interfered in the successful execution of the crime. Exclaimed one man who shot his victim during a robbery, "That man must have been nuts! It wasn't my fault that he was crazy enough to risk his life over the fifty bucks in his wallet." [The Harvard girl in New York, on the other hand, was murdered over only $12.]

In what is probably his most memorable phrase, Samenow writes: "To the criminal, the world is a chessboard, with other people serving as pawns to gratify his desires. . . . The criminal believes he is *entitled* to whatever he desires, and he will pursue it ruthlessly."

All this, of course, flies ruthlessly in the face of the conventional wisdom that criminals are themselves "victims of society," and that beneath each tangled web of sociopathology there beats the heart of an innocent soul who only wants a fair chance to live like everybody else.

That premise, argues Samenow, has no relevance to reality. After confronting criminal personalities at every stage of life—from unmanageable ten-year-olds to over-the-hill career criminals still looking to "sharpen their game"—Samenow finds a common pattern of thought running throughout. Criminals do not act out of a sense of inferiority or self-denigration, as psychologists have often suggested. Quite the contrary, they feel superior to everyone else. Often convinced that they are far more intelligent than most people, they live in "life's fast lane," despising "the square life, with all its loneliness and no fun," as one long-time offender put it. "To [the criminal], having a good time is what life is all about."

The criminal believes that because he is inherently more capable than others, previous experience and training requirements should be waived in his case. He is positive that his expertise and unique talents distinguish him from the common herd. . . . [Criminals] are impossibly arrogant winners or revenge-seeking losers.

Quite simply, criminals do not feel the rejection, unhappiness, or remorse that liberal theorists are always putting in their heads. *They think they are right.* And who is to say they aren't? It is only the average person's sense that *everybody* can't act this way that keeps us doggedly "punishing" criminals and trying to make them adhere to a "civilized" standard of behavior. When we start to doubt these standards—or when clever lawyers and dimwitted psychologists make it difficult to enforce them—criminals just become

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even more overconfident that their contemptuous rejection of the world around them is the only right way to live.

In the face of everything that is commonly written about criminals, reading Samenow's long account of his interviews with offenders of all ages is like having the scales removed from your eyes.

Are the criminal's parents to blame? How can anyone say this, Samenow asks, when the same families that produce criminals also raise other children who are sane, happy, and successful? (The 21-year-old rape-murderer in New York, for example, had an older brother who just finished medical school.)

Are siblings to blame, or does the family single out one particular child as a "victim" of its own pathologies, as some family therapists have argued for years? On the contrary, says Samenow, it is the siblings and other family members who are persistently victimized by the criminal child's manipulative and uncontrollable behavior, which is often clearly evident at two years old. "It is amazing to see how some extremely disturbed families are instantly at peace once the criminal member leaves home," he writes.

Have the schools failed these youngsters? Nonsense, says Samenow. Their behavior patterns were set long before they ever set foot inside a school. When a criminally inclined youngster goes to school, he usually disrupts it and makes it impossible for other children to learn anything.

Is unemployment the cause for crime? This is an even more absurd premise, writes Samenow. Criminals almost always despise the world of work, seeing it as a "slave's" way to make a living. They often have wildly exaggerated fantasies about their abilities to succeed at a job, and quickly give up when these fantasies are not fulfilled. It is their inflated egos that make it impossible for them to hold jobs—not any lack of employment opportunities that turns them to crime.

Is it the prisons themselves that turn vaguely delinquent youngsters into hardened criminals? Another paragon of circular reasoning, says Samenow. If it were really "all those other criminals" that turned the impressionable youths into sociopaths, how did "all those other people" get to be the way they are in the first place?

Criminals are simply criminals. They seek out each other's company, both in and out of jail. They learn from each other, reinforce each other's values, and share the same view of the world. "Us kind seek each other out," said one criminal, in explaining why he married an excessively violent woman. "Some of my best friends are hardened criminals," recounted another. "What I admire is that they can make positive decisions. They are closer to being human than people who represent good, moral behavior."

On the other hand, criminals are always happy to take whatever rationalizations society can provide, and turn them to their advantage. They are master manipulators, only too happy to excuse their own actions as the unavoidable consequence of poverty, racial discrimination, a bad upbringing, uncontrollable psychic urges, or whatever form of "insanity" happens to be in fashion.

The argument is always the same. It is always *someone else's fault* that they are in trouble. It was the police, the judge, the jury, the victim, their upbringing, "society"—anyone and everyone except the criminal himself. (In fact, admitting responsibility for his own actions and accepting blame for his predicament is generally the first and only sign that a criminal may be ready for some kind of rehabilitative effort.)

These issues, of course, have all been heard before in the abstract. But it is astonishing to read Samenow's portraits of 12-year-olds who are constantly beating up other children, lying, shoplifting, setting fires, disrupting their schools, driving their parents to the brink of suicide—and who still fervently insist that it is *they themselves* who are the victims of *everybody else's* unreasonable behavior, and that everyone else is to blame.

Criminals, says Samenow, simply don't play the game the way most of us do. They are such inveterate liars that they no longer know the difference between truth and falsehood. Words are not used to represent reality, but are merely handy tools for manipulating other people. Criminals are not searching for truth, nor are they seeking any kind of equilibrium in their human relations. They are simply trying to conquer everyone—with each manipulation or violent triumph only whetting their appetite for still greater victory.

There is such a thing as the "criminal mind."

This is not to say that there are no problems with this book.

Samenow's greatest difficulty is his precept that "criminals are criminals," and that, if anything, they are probably born that way. This assumption leaves him supporting the uncomfortable theory that criminal behavior is ultimately genetic in origin.

Although he tries to dodge the issue, he finally embraces it by citing a few European studies with identical adoptive twins which seem to indicate that "genetic factors do predispose some people to criminal behavior."

This answer is neither promising nor convincing. If criminals are born, not made, then why is it possible to rehabilitate some of them—as Samenow himself believes? If environment plays no part, then why are the bulk of criminals concentrated in the lower strata of society? And, most of all, why does so much of criminal behavior sound like nothing more than ordinary human failings taken to some destructive, but logical extreme? In this light, there are few, if any, of us who would not qualify as "criminal" at some point in our lives.

These problems become embarrassingly clear when Samenow starts to catalogue the youthful activities he regards as precursors of criminal behavior. He often ends up sounding downright prudish. Youngsters are "criminal" because they "prove to one another that they are physically tough by deliberately inflicting pain—holding their breath, sticking pins in their arms, burning themselves with cigarettes." Other pre-criminal activities include having a "sense of adventure," "congregating . . . around pool halls," and "lifting weights" in order to "impress the girls."

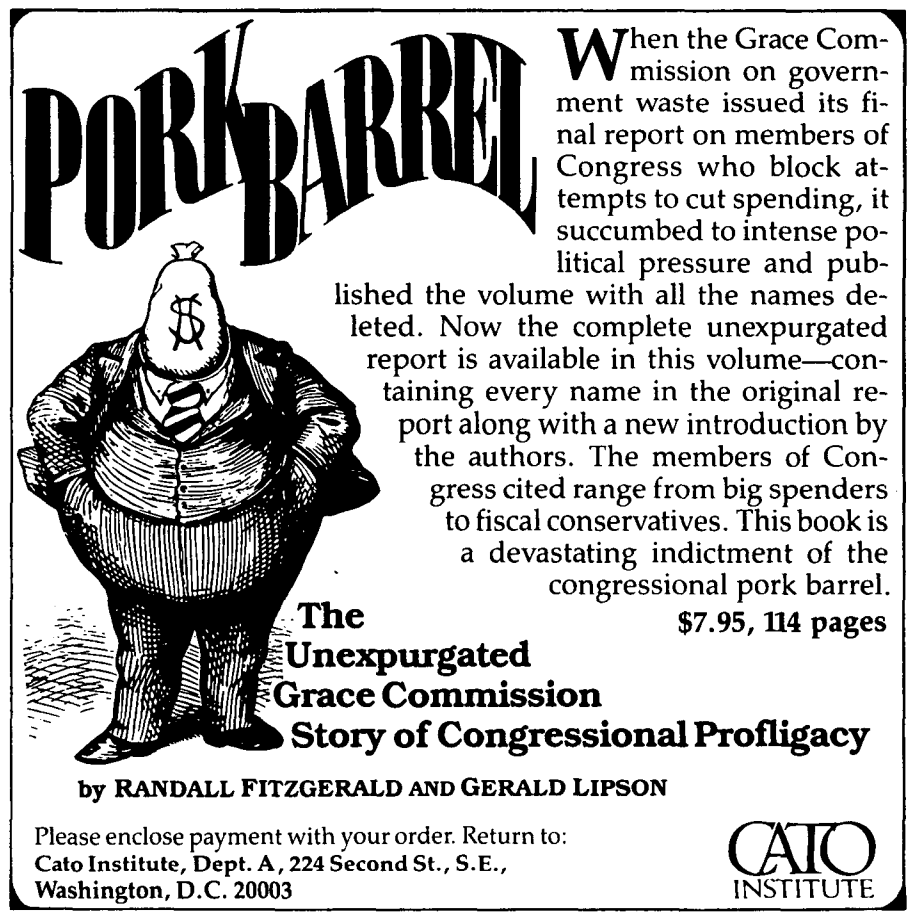
I would argue that many of these characteristics can also be shared by some of our most esteemed citizens—entrepreneurs, explorers, policemen, astronauts, or pro football players. Samenow sometimes seems to set himself against male behavior on principle. I hate to say it, but he sometimes makes the criminal life seem positively attractive.

Clearly, an "appetite for adventure" and other qualities of daring are far less important than the self-centered egotism, constant manipulation of other people, and habitual lying that often leaves the criminal living in a fantasy world of his own making. These qualities can belong to anyone, whether or not he has a sense of adventure, hangs around pool halls, or lifts weights.

Where does this leave us? Oddly, for all his fatalism and determinism, Samenow is convinced that criminals can be reformed. But the process isn't going to be easy, nor will it come cheap. Rehabilitation, says Samenow, simply means waiting for criminals to admit their guilt and error, and then enrolling them into a crash-course in the mores of middle-class society.

Samenow learned to distrust conventional psychiatric methods while working under Dr. Samuel Yochelson, the former head of the Program for the Investigation of Criminal Behavior at St. Elizabeth's. Yochelson developed his theories over twenty years, then died in 1976, just as he was ready to carry his message to the world.

Yochelson had tried conventional psychiatry, but found it only "contributed to [the criminal's] rationalizations." All it produced, he said, was "criminals who knew psychiatry." Instead, Yochelson—and later Samenow—developed a rigid, authoritarian regimen—a kind of "Criminals Anonymous"—where men who are trying to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"go straight" are forced not only to discipline their own behavior, but to *drive all thoughts of criminal activity from their minds* as well.

Samenow and Yochelson resorted to this method only after finding that criminals rarely enter any situation without sizing things up and immediately starting to calculate how to take advantage. It is hard for them to look at a pocketbook without thinking how to steal it, or to meet a woman without imagining how they might rape her. Criminality is basically a habit of mind.

Given several years of draconic self-discipline in thought and action, however, Yochelson and Samenow found that *some* career criminals can learn to deal with the world's frustrations, accept the responsibilities of living, and start leading "straight," normal lives. Even then, success only occurred in about one-third of their attempts. This compares favorably, however, with all other rehabilitation methods—from basketweaving to long incarceration to reading the Great Books—which have always piled up the same score in reducing recidivism: zero.

If Samenow still has not solved the problem of explaining why children as young as two or three can show unmistakable signs of budding criminal behavior, this should not detract in any way from what is a brilliant and path-breaking work. Samenow's insights cut like a knifeblade through the stale smorgasbord of contemporary criminology.

Criminals are simply different. They may not be *genetically* different, as Samenow suggests. But neither are they just "people like us" who are somehow nursing a justifiable grudge against society. Instead, they are individuals whose personal evolution has set them on a destructive path of eternal one-upmanship that can only produce disaster. They are—there is no other term for it—a "menace to society."

Crime has its own internal logic. Its only problem is that it *cannot* succeed. No society has ever been able to remain civilized for long while giving broad tolerance to criminal behavior. Nor has the society ever been created that could make criminals happy. Criminals make impossible demands on other people. They treat each person as a means to their own ends. Society can do nothing with these attitudes except try to curb them and wherever possible keep them from arising.

Containing these antisocial forces is probably the most difficult task we face today. Every society has had to deal with the problem, but the peculiarly self-indulgent nature of American society has magnified it to unprecedented proportions.

Improvements can only begin when we are willing to absorb the clear-sighted, unsentimental analysis provided by books like *Inside the Criminal Mind.* □

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HUBERT HUMPHREY: A BIOGRAPHY
Carl Solberg/W.W. Norton/$19.95

Kent Owen

The name reverberates like a steam calliope in heat: Hubert Horatio Humphrey. The image is still vivid: lofty forehead gleaming like a Disney whale, dark eyebrows circumflexed, jaw ajut, wattles aquiver, eyes darting, smile too eager. Even in memory he remains urgently earnest and vaguely comic, the pre-eminent champion of American liberalism.

The temptation to regard HHH as fleshed out caricature must jostle the mind of anyone who tries to estimate him. No matter how much one wishes to respect his achievements and bountiful goodwill, there is the perhaps ungenerous feeling that his expansiveness was, after all, excess and his undoing. Carl Solberg, formerly of *Time* and a sometime visiting scholar in Columbia's history department, has resisted that course in his evenhanded, thoroughgoing, and agreeably written biography, the best so far of HHH. What Mr. Solberg presents is as much a case study of the political vocation in twentieth-century America as it is an account of the career and personal history of a very public man.

HHH came by his politics naturally, having grown up in South Dakota villages where the prairie populism of the Non-Partisan League and, across the border in Minnesota, the Farmer-Labor Party had cut inroads to the stolid Republicanism of the upper Middle West. His father made a middling living as a pharmacist, kept busy as a go-getting civic booster, and stood his ground as an argumentative, free-thinking Democrat. His mother was of Norwegian pioneer stock, an orthodox churchwoman, and a practicing Republican, if not rock-ribbed, at least bone-corseted. Tracing the influences of family, small towns, and rural life on HHH's character, Mr. Solberg places him tellingly against the backgrounds of the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl-producing droughts. By HHH's frequent admission, the hard times marked him for life and spurred his fight for economic security: He had learned how cruelly the forces of nature and the market could smash across even the most tranquil and isolated places to impoverish whole families.

His own family's hardships brought him home from the University of Minnesota to help run his father's drugstore; in need of training he went off to Denver to earn a pharmacy degree in record time (HHH was ever a master of the quick study). Once more at home he tried, at some cost to his health, to come to terms with his demanding father, married Muriel Buck, and at the age of 26 made his way back to Minnesota to continue his studies (under the mentorship of Evron Kirkpatrick, husband of Jeane). Winning a political science fellowship to Louisiana State University, where his master's thesis was "The Political Philosophy of the New Deal," HHH saw for himself what segregation was like: "Why, it's uneconomic!" Hoping for a career in college teaching, he returned to Minnesota and took charge of a WPA adult education program, and as one thing led to another, he was soon off and running in politics. He lost his first race for mayor of Minneapolis in 1945, but two years later

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won the office going away. Then in 1948, HHH startled the Democratic convention with a compelling speech on civil rights (arguably the best he ever made, probably the shortest), and that fall at age 37 was elected to the United States Senate.

In a Senate lorded over by the likes of Richard Russell, Tom Connally, Walter George, Arthur Vandenberg, and Robert Taft, there was little sympathy for an upstart in an unsafe seat. For a freshman he was hardly inconspicuous: "In all, he offered 57 bills and joint resolutions, in his first year in the Senate, inserted 180 items in the *Congressional Record,* from blue babies to river parkways, and spoke on 450 topics." All to no avail. Not until HHH had proved capable of mastering the intricacies of a tax bill and of having the patience and savvy to maneuver it through, did he gain the respectful attention of his elders.

It was a pattern of conduct HHH would show repeatedly: first a challenge to established authority; then a willingness to make accommodations; then an eagerness to gain acceptance and to show he knew his place; then a reassertion of himself, but in concert with well-cultivated allies. Mr. Solberg suggests HHH may have developed such habits in the relationship with his father, but spares the reader the murkier suppositions of psychobiography. Nonetheless, there are traces in his earlier dealings in the mid-forties when the Communists took over the Minnesota Democratic Farmer-Labor Party, and HHH at first "worked comfortably with the Communists and their sympathizers." His admiration for Henry Wallace, Popular Front and all, underscored his readiness to make allowances for wayward factions. But HHH was nerved to lead the crusade that reclaimed the citadel. It was that exploit plus his civil rights speech at the 1948 convention that gained him the support of the Americans for Democratic Action. However, the question remains throughout (most pointedly in the relationship with Lyndon Johnson): Did HHH himself take the initiative in such causes, or did he act only when pressed by others? It applies to his sponsorship of the Communist Control Act of 1954, which was in part the result of his skirmishes with the Minnesota Reds in the DFL ten years before. While anti-Communist ADA liberals like Reinhold Niebuhr and John Kenneth Galbraith were pleased if startled by his zeal, some liberals of pinker hue remained unforgiving, charting his fall from grace during the war in Vietnam to that transgression.

During the 1950s, HHH moved to the forefront of American liberalism, attracting his own set of special constituencies that ranged beyond the borders of Minnesota—labor unions, Zionists, small business, agriculture (both working farmers and agribusinessmen), academic liberals, and, of course, the ADA. He bustled about their several errands, pushing conglomerated liberalism far beyond the populism of Bryan and enlarging it from that of FDR. If liberalism's original strength, under the old English dispensation, was the appeal to reason, HHH gave it blaring passion, which, in turn, made it hectic and diffuse. Writing to William Benton, one of his mentors, he reviewed the Democratic campaign of 1952: "Politics is a strange admixture of mind and body, of ideas and guts. The people know that Stevenson can think their thinking for them. The question is, does he 'feel' for them?"

Mr. Solberg thinks HHH virtually invented the modern Democratic senator. Maybe so. At least he fashioned a style of holding the office that was first all his own and later imitated by such epigones as Fred Harris, Birch Bayh, George McGovern, Walter Mondale, and, perhaps, Ted Kennedy. Tirelessly energetic, quick to play

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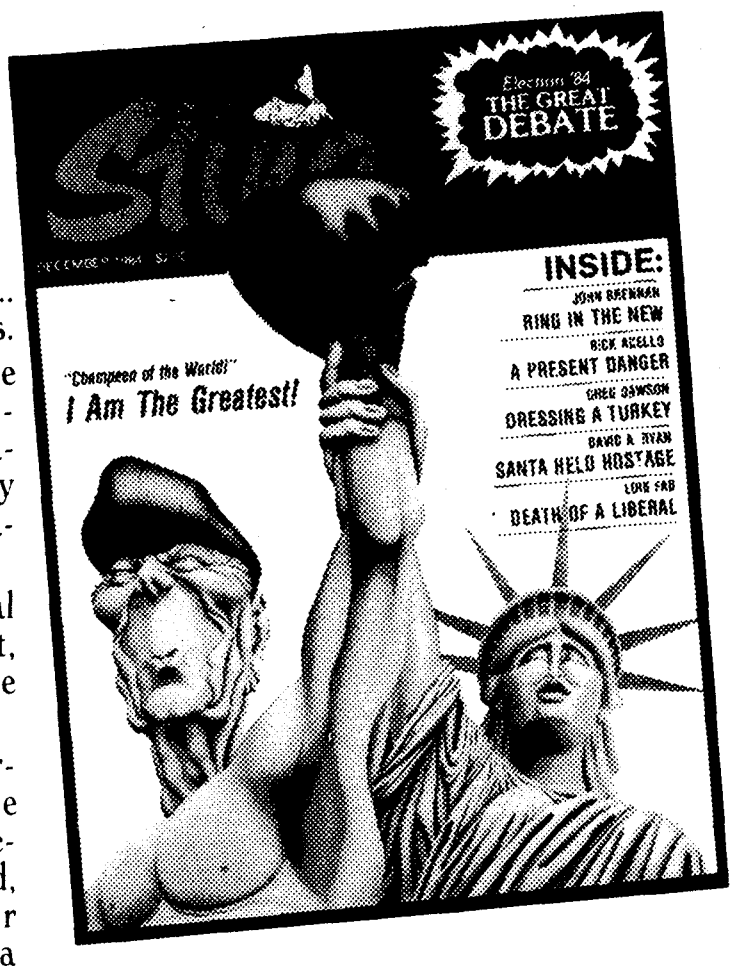

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Johnny-jump-up at the sight of microphone or camera, morally earnest about any number of issues, eagerly available to an array of special interests, adept at the mechanics of legislation—these are indeed the marks of the model major senator. Even if HHH was not the first to carry on so, he was among the first to have regular and ready access to the news media on a nation-spanning scale and, more important, to extend his influence through them.

What HHH brought to the Senate was an agenda of social and economic initiatives, which, however haphazardly pieced together over the course of a long career, amounted to the approved syllabus of American liberalism: health, welfare, civil rights, education, housing, employment, disarmament, foreign affairs. It was HHH's litany of good intentions, eventually to be willed to Mondale and Kennedy. In short, the course FDR's New Deal had set in the 1930s still held fast for HHH well into the seventies, revised only to encompass grander schemes, with LBJ's Great Society as the *ne plus ultra*. In light of his relentless drive toward statist solutions, HHH was essentially a socialist in all but name. Mr. Solberg is evidently willing to make that admission, so long as it be noted that HHH's own form bore the features of prairie populism.

In the main, domestic issues claimed HHH's enthusiasm, for he knew, according to Mr. Solberg, he was inadequately prepared to deal competently with foreign affairs, a field in which his facility of quick study was less serviceable. To his lasting regret, he dropped his initial resistance to the United States' expanded involvement in Vietnam and, under LBJ's bullying, became the administration's mouthpiece (Mr. Solberg's word) for whatever policy the President found expedient. As the White House's chief apologist, he was scourged by the liberal cohorts for apostasy. For a man who so craved the approval of his allies, the demotion from humanitarian to warmonger—in the simplistic view of outraged liberals and enraged radicals—was cruel enough to stun him into incomprehension.

Mr. Solberg probes the relationships between LBJ as President and HHH as Vice President in so thorough a way there can be no doubt of the humiliations and manipulations alleged against the Texan. Sorry a tale as it is to tell, HHH let himself be used by the masterful deceiver. HHH's loyalty to his leader—which LBJ had demanded as the vice presidency's *quid pro quo*—reveals just such a flaw, a tormenting need to court the President's favor, even at the cost of self-respect.

Curiously enough, HHH's tragic flaw—perhaps pathetic is more accurate—was not hubris, but false humility, self-abasement as a means to what seemed a higher end. Whatever his critics and opponents may have charged against him, it was neither arrogance nor hypocrisy that brought him down. Of a certainty, there was more than sufficient pride in him; otherwise, his drive to succeed would never have impelled him to pursue the presidency as fitfully as he did. On the basis of Mr. Solberg's evidence, one may infer that HHH subordinated his judgment to LBJ's will, not primarily to strengthen his own chances for the presidency, but to keep his word to LBJ and thus to act in the national interest, insofar as that interest was defined by the President. Who can ever know what confusion of motives wracked the mind of HHH? Perhaps it is enough to say that he tried to do the principled thing, according to his lights.

HHH's failure to win the presidency in 1968 was as much the result of what the liberals, the media, and the electorate took to be self-betrayal, as it was of LBJ's conduct of the war or Richard Nixon's promise of more decisive and effective leadership Close

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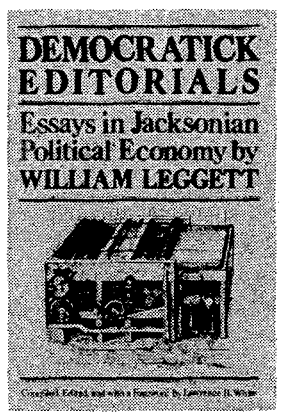

Democratick Editorials

Essays in Jacksonian Political Economy
By William Leggett

Compiled, Edited, and with a Foreword
By Lawrence H. White

William Leggett, writing for the New York *Evening Post,* the *Examiner,* and the *Plaindealer* in the 1830's based his editorial views on the principle of equal rights to liberty and property.

He held that principle to mean that law may not discriminate among citizens, benefitting some at the expense of others. Strict application of this view led him to favor minimization of government power.

In these essays Leggett brings his views to bear on the issues of the Jacksonian period. Since many of the questions of principle in his day recur in our own, the editorials are of contemporary as well as historical significance.
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is the election was, the ineptness of the campaign's management—Mr. Solberg makes it clear HHH was a poor organizer and administrator, unable to decide who was to do what—and the lack of money—HHH had a lifelong distaste for fund-raising, although he did a lot of it—compounded the credibility problem and undermined the whole effort. It is a sharp irony that a national politician of HHH's gifts should have been so badly disorganized in his major campaigns. One can only guess at what misadventures and false alarms might have beset a Humphrey Administration.

Summing up the Humphrey of 1968, Mr. Solberg offers a frank assessment: 'At fifty-seven, the man who had always been ahead of his time had been overtaken by changing attitudes and opinions. He sounded out of date." After twenty years of being in advance of the Democratic Party and the American People, HHH was, through an ironic reversal of fortunes, now behind them. If there is a single error a politician must not make, it is to show he has failed to understand his own times, no matter how out of joint they may be. And there is nothing quite so passé as last year's liberal. While HHH was too aware of his place in history to suffer the ludicrous indignity of, say, his fellow Minnesotan, Harold Stassen, or that ghost of elections future, John Anderson, his own liberalism seemed, especially toward the end of his life, sadly worn if not entirely exhausted.

On his return to the Senate, HHH the man grew steadily in the affections of his colleagues in government and of the American people. When it became apparent he was dying of cancer, his courage and steadfastness set a noble example that exalted him above the decent respect occasioned by the circumstances. Throughout his life HHH had brimmed over with indiscriminate love, ever ready to press his ardor for suffering Mankind on all and sundry, yet sadly unable to spare his wife and children much of himself. "I know every Senator better than I know my own family," he once said. For all the persons he called his close friends, he was strangely friendless, incapable of devoting enough of himself to sustain friendships of true depth. All the same, HHH was admired for his liberality of spirit, a quality of no small merit, given the plethora of the meager-hearted in public life. Buoyant and indefatigably cheerful, to the end he radiated a gallant goodness.

It is odd Mr. Solberg does not pay more attention to HHH as a public speaker, especially to the characteristic features of his rhetoric and delivery. Only a few politicians of the present-day have made their marks as orators, and HHH was decidedly foremost among them. Speech titles cannot begin to suggest the forensic devices and techniques he used to such powerful advantage. HHH was, after all, most himself when he was holding forth on the convention platform or factory floor or at a civil rights rally, binding spells onto his listeners out of the divine afflatus. To understate the significance of his one surpassing talent is to undervalue the historic worth of the man, so much was he a creature of the performance and of the moment. Yet he was rarely eloquent in the classic tradition—stately phrases, balanced Ciceronian periods, controlled modulations of timbre, tone, and stress. Instead, his speeches released bursts of swelling energy, cantorial surges of passionate appeal, often operatic in force and duration. Suddenly, he strode forth as Hubert the Bold, embattled to fight the good fight, rousing the ranks to enter the fray. If he could stir a church full of Norwegian Lutherans in the farmlands of Minnesota, he knew he could uplift any audience, save the Union League of Philadelphia. His oratory held sway through a peculiar, follow-the-bouncing-ball rhythm, rising, falling, speeding up, slowing down, bounding back, leaping forward. The voice itself cut across the words with a strident rasp, only to ease into a parlor-organ glide. It was a voice straining with impatience to blare out earnest concern, sincere sympathy, moral intensity, righteous indignation. It was the authentic HHH. □

THE PAIDEIA PROGRAM
Edited by Mortimer J. Adler/Macmillan/$7.95; $3.95 paper

James Harkness

The Paideia Program concludes Mortimer Adler's insistently alliterative trilogy on American schooling, and it bears some scars from the slings and arrows tossed at its two predecessors. While *The Paideia Proposal* (1982) and *Paideia Problems and Possibilities* (1983) staunchly upheld the ideal of a uniform and universal curriculum as a rallying standard for educational reform, the final volume clearly manifests a flagging purist zeal. Bowing to the "pluralistic character" that is among the professional educationists' most revered totems, Adler and his battle-weary Paideia Group (22 influentials with varying claims to authority in the field) no longer present "a single specified curriculum to be uniformly adopted throughout the United States." Instead, they proffer "a curricular framework within which a variety of curriculums can be soundly constructed, appropriate to the particular circumstances of different school districts."

The Paideia Program consists of a dozen-plus essays written to set out in concrete detail just what a Paideia school would be and do. For the blushing reader whose classical Greek falters, *paideia* ("py-dee-a," volunteers the dedication page of volume one) comes from *pais, paidos,* the upbringing of a child. Adler uses the term in an "extended" sense to connote the general learning he believes should be the shared heritage of all human beings. The initial Paideia premise (it's tough not to get caught up in the monkey business with *p*s) was that there exists a core of academic subjects that forms the *sine qua non* of general education; hence primary and secondary schools should concern themselves with that and that alone. From kindergarten through the 12th grade, youngsters should pursue a single course of study, regardless of differences among themselves, their teachers, and their communities. The content must be broad and liberal: "All sidetracks, specialized courses, or electives must be eliminated," since they serve only to dilute the quality of learning or at best to provide technical training for jobs in later life. Both students and teachers are to reimmerse themselves in languages, literature, the fine arts, mathematics, natural science, history, geography, and social studies, with auxiliary work in phys-ed and manual arts and a brief introduction to careers. All three of the Paideia books include a tidy illustration charting how to use lecturing, coaching, and "maieutic" methods in each of the indispensable disciplines.

If it all sounds vaguely like the half-dozen pages Aristotle devoted to education in the *Politics,* give yourself a gold star. At present Mortimer Adler is director of the Institute for Philosophical Research and chairman of the board of editors of Encyclopedia Britannica. He is also the author of *Aristotle for Everybody,* a book whose title tells you everything you need to know about the scholastic philosophy of the Paideia Group. Indeed, reading through *The Paideia Proposal,* you couldn't help being struck by an image of Mrs. Shacklemeyer's second graders crowded into some suburban *agora,* interacting on a plane of intellectual intensity that would make Socrates' dialogues with his followers sound like the happy chat of a local TV news team. Or it may be that what Adler had in mind was something more along the lines of Aspen Institute, the hyperaffluent drop-in center where he sometimes leads current-issues seminars for culture-climbing corporate types—"Heraclitus and Hi-Tech: Can the Pre-Socratics Put *You* on the Executive Ladder?"

H.L. Mencken once observed that every complex problem has a simple solution—the wrong one. Not surprisingly, more than a few readers suspected that was what *The Paideia Proposal* had hit upon. *Paideia Problems and Possibilities,* the second book, tried to respond to such criticisms, without notable success. For one thing, Adler and his colleagues seemed to consider anticipating objections equivalent to rebutting them—a fallacy to which any good Aristotelian ought to throw up his hands. In addition, it was painfully obvious that most of the Paideia panelists were affiliated with colleges and universities, resolute theoreticians at a lofty remove from K-12 school systems.

Paideia II did offer a summary report on an experiment carried out at Skyline High School in Oakland, a comprehensive urban institution whose 2,000 students were 40 percent black, 46 percent white, and 14 percent Asian American. According to Adler, students and teachers alike were thrilled by the project reading list, which included the *Iliad, Oresteia Trilogy, Declaration of Independence,* Plato's *Republic,* the *Nichomachean Ethics, The Divine Comedy, Canterbury Tales, Hamlet, Tartuffe, Candide, Crime and Punishment, Wuthering Heights, 1984,* and St. Augustine's *Confessions.* Since not one of these tomes was intended by its author as light fare for young adults, it beats me why the Paideia Group thought it was critical for working-class teenagers to read them.

For all the flaccid jargon and labored devices (including, in one book, an ap-

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pendix listing everybody who had "input" into Paideia Groupthink), all three volumes rest upon a fundamental piety—a Paideia platitude, as it were. "There are no unteachable children," Adler intones in the initial book—and in the final one, "all are educable in exactly the same sense of the term." This, needless to say, is poppycock. Any practicing teacher knows there are plenty of unteachable children, or at least children whose prior resistances to formal learning are so deeply seated that it's silly to lay the blame at the schoolhouse door. There are, for example, the acutely hyperactive, one of whom can disrupt a class of thirty for as long as you care to watch. There are the severely dyslexic. There are chronically malnourished kids, whose attention not even the most pyrotechnic instructor will hold for more than moments at a time. There is the odd young sociopath who has no business at all laying hands on a scalpel in biology lab, but whose inalienable right to dissect leopard frogs is guaranteed by bodies ranging from the local PTA right up to the U.S. Supreme Court.

There are also strong contingents of precocious druggies, pre-teen alcoholics, Hispanics and other ethnics who pick up one English word in three—every last one of them, God help us, mainstreamed into the general student body by "humanistic" mandates that just happen to cost the taxpayers a bundle less than the kind of special programs that might conceivably do some good.

Set upon so flawed a foundation, the essays sketching how to implement *The Paideia Program* tend to collapse of their own weight. Most are written or co-written by the several panelists, whose individual voices we now hear for the first time; nevertheless, they largely share Adler's own sterile, abstract schematicism ("Three kinds of teaching and learning," "Five errors to be avoided," etc.). Two Paideia Group members do deserve singling out for praise. One is Ernest Boyer, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, who gets a pat on the back for *not* contributing an essay. Much of Boyer's own recent book *High School* (1983), based on extensive first-hand examinations of school systems nationwide, runs counter to the thrust of the Paideia program, and he has taken subtle pains to divorce himself from its position. Jacques Barzun, on the other hand, has evidently proved himself a team player by coming up with a paper for publication, but what he has to say about teaching history could hardly have endeared him to his "maieutic" colleagues:

> Teachers brought up on "methods" may be convinced that good teaching consists in a succession of . . . "imaginative" devices, to make history "come alive" and keep the class "excited" about learning. But observation and interviews with the young suggest, on the contrary, that these exercises induce boredom in those who want to learn and are taken as relief from work by those who do not. Excitement, anyway, is an occasional feeling and not the proper mood for learning. One begins to wonder whether it is not the teacher who likes discontinuity and interruption as a substitute for serious work.

Like so many of the related books and reports, the Paideia volumes argue stridently that our schools are failing our society, when at least half the truth may be precisely the reverse. No small body of evidence, for instance, suggests that the single largest influence on whether Johnny (or Juan, or Juanita) can read is verbal exposure in infancy—whether parents and other adults spoke frequently around and to the child, whether they read aloud in the home, whether they used a broad English vocabulary and pronounced their words distinctly. Now, short of revolutionary social restructuring, teachers aren't going to have much to say about such matters, or most other

Some people just can't let go of Vietnam.

Most of us left it behind with Woodstock, Kent State and Watergate. But for some, Vietnam is still an everyday nightmare.

That's because nearly 2,500 Americans are still missing in Vietnam. 2,500 people who disappeared, leaving questions in their place.

Over the years since we left the conflict, hundreds of firsthand sightings by refugees and others report Americans still alive in Vietnam. Laos. And Cambodia. Growing older day to day in prison camps, while Hanoi denies knowledge of them. Other reports confirm bodies being held for ransom by that same Hanoi government.

Meantime, their wives and families live frozen in time. Not knowing whether to remarry. To move ahead. Or to hang onto hope.

Now, Washington has finally admitted some of the missing could still be alive. But the wheels of government turn slowly. You can help speed them up. Write your senator or congressman.

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Let's get them out.

The National League of Families, 1608 K St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

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ıings that happen to kids during the rucial years between birth and 3-4 ears old. Nor are they going to exert lot of control over the swelling ercentage of students living in single-arent households; the growing umber of physically abused oungsters or those emotionally ruised by divorce and related strife; or ıe steadily increasing amount of time tudents spend wired into television nd videogames instead of print.

It's entirely possible that American chools and teachers aren't what they sed to be, but then what is? Kids and amilies are certainly different. A eneration ago, there were considerably ewer families where both parents orked outside the home. If Junior odded out during first period for hree weeks running, somebody even-ually found out at home. Mom, Dad, r at least Grandpa was usually around o see that homework was finished egularly, or to go to Parents' Night for chat with Miss Kopechne about whether Ellie Beth really ought to nger quite so pliantly with the boys rom the mechanical arts class.

A few months ago, the U.S. secretary f education declared with effusive ratitude that actions taken in response o *A Nation at Risk* have already had measurable effect on the average cores of high school seniors on stan-lardized tests. Since the typical public igh school system needs all year to ear up for Arbor Day, you don't have o be a confirmed cynic to harbor a few loubts about so remarkably speedy nd comprehensive a recovery. But with uch vacuous officialese draws to a lose public education's latest season of liscontent—a menopausal doldrum ollowed by the predictable self-ongratulation that terminates the atural life cycle of any bureaucratic rouhaha.

Whether there's something wrong vith American schooling isn't at issue, nd you need neither national commis-ions nor private panels to prove it. All ou need is to see the agonized baffle-nent on the face of the kid who's try-ng to make change for you at the local McDonald's, or the panicked eyes of he checker at Shop-Rite when her omputerized cash register beeps its hrill protest at an improper com-nand.

Probably it's sheer blasphemy to ask whether reading St. Augustine's *Con-essions* or *Oedipus Rex* is the solution o their problems. Or whether "foster-ng analytical/life skills" is really what rt, literature, history, and philosophy re all about. Or whether the most asic goals of mass education are iden-ical to or even compatible with those f classical learning or technocratic cholarship. These, in any event, are uestions to which *The Paideia Pro-gram* and companion volumes never get around. Assuming curricular con-tent to lie at the heart of declining per-formance by schools and students alike, Adler and company substitute reflexive elitist curmudgeonry for any serious look at the impact on public schools of at least a century of social, cultural, and technological upheaval. In the meantime, curiously enough, a substantial number of American kids somehow learn enough to run businesses, design computer chips, write novels, make movies, and invent all manner of new or better mousetraps. That doesn't necessarily prove today's schools are thriving centers of academic excellence. It may only mean that they play a smaller part in nurturing ambition and native abili-ty than the educationists would like us to think. □

DOUBLE VISION: HOW THE PRESS DISTORTS AMERICA'S VIEW OF THE MIDDLE EAST

Ze'ev Chafets/William Morrow/$16.95

Daniel Pipes

It is a matter of record that Israel is the subject of far more political and media scrutiny than its Arab neighbors. Indeed, of all countries, Israel is second only to the Soviet Union in the amount of air time and newsprint it receives in the United States. That in itself is not a matter of concern. But, Ze'ev Chafets charges in *Double Vision*, much of this attention is distorted or biased.

Chafets, an American native who emigrated to Israel in 1967, became director of Israel's Government Press Office, a position that afforded him an opportunity to witness first-hand the way American journalists cover Mid-dle Eastern politics. His conclusions are disturbing. Since 1973, he writes, each of the three key American groups—press owners, journalists, and politicians—has, for reasons of its own, chosen to distort the Arab-Israeli conflict.

To begin with, the companies that own the television networks, the newsmagazines, and the great newspapers have become huge corpora-tions with wide-ranging international interests. Long ago they shed their sen-sitivities about advertising revenues from local department stores. Today they are vitally concerned with "forces at play in the national and interna-tional economy. And since 1973, none of these forces has been more dramatic, and more influential, than the economic and financial power of the Arab world." Chafets isn't claiming the existence of a conspiracy, but simply the evident self-interest of media com-panies adopting an "even-handed" ap-proach to the region.

As for journalists, they too turned against Israel, though not for economic reasons. It is no secret that as a group they are to the left of the general population, voting, for example, for George McGovern in 1972 at twice the rate of the population at large. When the American role in Vietnam came to an end in 1973 and the left needed a new cause, it settled on the Palestinians. Through what Chafets calls a "left-wing trickle-down effect," many jour-nalists picked up on this new crusade. Israel came to be seen not only as an oppressor of Palestinian rights, but also as an outpost of imperialism.

Finally, the United States govern-ment added its weight to the anti-Israel orientation when Jimmy Carter came to office in 1977. Believing that stability in the Middle East depended on resolu-tion of the West Bank problem, the President took "a hitherto relatively obscure issue—Jewish settlement in the West Bank—and turn[ed] the search-light of American national interest on it."

West Bank control, necessarily a dif-ficult issue for Israel, became the pivotal Middle East question for the United States—and not Arab recogni-tion of Israel, bilateral U.S.-Arab ties, or any of the many other alternative emphases.

Political bias aside, American coverage in the Middle East is affected by a staggering array of other prob-lems. One of them is that American journalists are underprepared and over-burdened, as Chafets describes in a delightful anecdote. In September 1980 he visited Jonathan Broder, the *Chicago Tribune*'s Middle East cor-respondent, just after Broder's editor had requested he leave immediately for Turkey to cover the imposition of mar-tial law. Broder, "who had never been to Turkey, didn't speak Turkish, and didn't know a soul there," had been traveling for several months and had fallen behind with his clippings:

> Half a year's worth of unmarked and un-cut newspapers were stacked precariously against one wall. We divided up the pile into four smaller stacks and the four of us—he and his wife, I and mine—started frantically leafing through the papers in search of stories about the country. Time was running out, and in desperation he turned to my daughter—seven years old at the time and just learning to read—wrote the word *Turkey* on a piece of paper, and handed her a stack of newspapers to peruse. Six hours later he was on a plane.

Such difficulties are hardly surprising, given that the Middle East, a region roughly the size of Europe, is (outside of Israel) covered only by about thirty American journalists. This, Chafets wryly notes, is fewer than the number of sportswriters at the *New York Daily News*.

To make matters worse, every Arab country except Lebanon and Egypt is a closed society with no independent press of its own; there is no way, then, for foreign journalists to depend on their local counterparts for indepen-dent reportage. News collection is fur-ther impeded by the fact that some of the countries in what Chafets calls the "arc of silence"—including Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq—prohibit foreign cor-respondents from even living in their territories, which makes the cultivation of unofficial sources next to impossible.

The Syrian government goes further yet, engaging in violent intimidation of journalists. In the most thoroughly documented portion of his book, Chafets tells of the Assad government murder of several Lebanese, American, and German journalists—surely one of the most shameful acts in recent press history—how these killings were subse-quently covered up in the Western press, and finally how they inhibited subsequent news coverage from Lebanon.

The paucity of Arab coverage, in contrast to the presence of a "small ar-my of foreign correspondents" in Israel, is giving reporting from the Middle East an imbalance: Thus, "an Arab hunger strike in an Israeli prison in the summer of 1980 got more atten-tion than the mass murder of political prisoners in Syria about the same time [and] riots in the West Bank came in for more coverage than the Iraq-Iran war."

Double Vision provides an extraor-dinary catalogue of Middle East news howlers: →

Daniel Pipes, associate professor of strategy at the U.S. Naval War College, is the author of In the Path of God: Islam and Political Power *(Basic Books) and editor of the* Harvard Mid-dle East Papers.

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•The *Detroit News* no less than three times—on November 23, 25 and 26, 1979—carried news stories that declared the mosque in Mecca rescued from the rebels who had taken it over and never explained the discrepancies in these accounts.

•Ned Temko of the *Christian Science Monitor*, in his eagerness to find an American hook for a news story about the PLO, asked the PLO spokesman about his organization's reaction to the death of Elvis Presley.

•Yasir Arafat, so carried away by his own dovish rhetoric, replied to Barbara Walters when she read a clause from the Palestinian National Covenant about the need to destroy Israel, "I did not remember that."

•David Ottoway of the *Washington Post* compared Saddam ("The Butcher of Baghdad") Husayn to an "American politician on the election hustings."

•Ottoway's colleague Jonathan Randal found advantages resulting from a large-scale massacre in Syria in February 1982: "What emerged from the Hama rubble, according to local residents, was a respect for the government in large part born of fear but also of a feeling of avoiding even greater catastrophe. Some analysts have argued that the destruction of Hama . . . marked the birth of modern Syria."

Double Vision combines wit, style, and intelligence to produce a devastating indictment. If it is true that informed citizens cannot, alas, avoid the press, this book provides a vivid reminder of just how vigilant we must be. □

SON OF THE MORNING STAR
Evan S. Connell/North Point Press/$20.00

William H. Nolte

In *Son of the Morning Star* Evan Connell has given us an utterly fascinating account of what led up to, occurred at, and then followed the fiasco that took place at Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876. That is to say, he has accounted for that landmark event insofar as an accounting can be made without stepping outside the bounds of evidence and entering the domain of conjecture. Had some of the 220 or so officers and enlisted men who accompanied Custer on his wild mission lived to tell tales about just what happened on that blazing hot Sunday afternoon, our interest would doubtless be less than it is and has been. Given the many hints and clues, the shards of palpable evidence strewn about the site, and the human obsession for solving such riddles, it is little wonder that such an immense literature has grown up around the leading actors in the little drama.

Still, I am puzzled by the interest we take in George Armstrong Custer, a man who was certainly unfitted by nature to play the role of tragic hero. In fact, it is not so much Custer who fascinates as it is the mainly sordid enterprise in which he played a part. That Connell is also puzzled by our interest in the man seems apparent throughout this long study—as, for example, on page 106 when he pauses, as it were, in his chronicle to place the actor in cameo relief:

> Even now, after a hundred years, his name alone will start an argument. More significant men of his time can be discussed without passion because they are inextricably woven into a tapestry of the past, but this hotspur refuses to die. He stands forever on that dusty Montana slope.

Just so. But I am still bemused by the very factuality of the figure standing there "on that dusty Montana slope." Why should he, of all people, cause us to take so much as a second look? After all, he is a known entity and, aside from his physical appearance, not a very pleasing one at that. Though possessed of great vitality and courage, he seemed incapable of introspection and, indeed, carried little luggage upstairs, between his ears and beneath the long flowing blond hair which he carefully tended—and yet, oddly, had cut short before meeting his Maker on that final day. No matter how one explains Custer's renown, he seems to have been the pet and plaything of the ironic gods who chose to lodge him among us at a time and place so perfectly suited to his meager talent as to make him appear much larger than he was.

During the Civil War, which began just as he was graduating from West Point—thirty-fourth in a class of thirty-four—Custer became the youngest American ever to win a star, being promoted to brigadier at 23. But throughout the War his smashing victories were plotted by other men; in fact, he possessed little if any skill as a tactician. "In a tight situation," Connell notes, "his response was instantaneous and predictable: he charged. This response to challenge was not something he learned; he reacted as instinctively as a Miura fighting bull." Moreover, he never learned from his mistakes, which were frequent. The wonder is that he survived as long as he did. With few exceptions—Little Phil Sheridan was one—those who knew him best disliked him personally and doubted his ability as an officer. In an interview published in the *New York Herald* two weeks after Little Big Horn, an officer who knew him well explained his rise in plausible terms: "The truth about Custer is, that he was a pet soldier, who had risen not above his merit, but higher than men of equal merit. He fought with Phil Sheridan, and through the patronage of Sheridan he rose; but while Sheridan liked his valor and dash he never trusted his judgment. He was to Sheridan what Murat was to Napoleon. While Sheridan is always cool, Custer was always aflame. Rising to high command early in life, he lost the repose necessary to success in high command." The two officers who were nearest him in his final years, Major Marcus Reno and Captain Frederick Benteen, were much harsher in their assessments, but they detested the man and hence may have been less than objective in decrying the officer.

But, as I say, it is less the character of Custer than it is the whole complex of Indian-Anglo relations that gives this book its special flavor. After all, Custer was only one of many actors in the play. At times he disappears altogether from the stage while members of the supporting cast stand in the spotlight and speak their lines. To be sure, the play (to maintain my image or figure a moment longer) has no moral whatsoever. Certainly Mr. Connell does not make the romantic (or sentimental) mistake of depicting the Indians as *noble* savages. No one so fond as they were of torturing and mutilating their adversaries can be considered noble. Nor, on the other hand, does he gainsay the cupidity and deceit of the Anglos who sought to corral the Indians on reservations and thus deprive them of their way of life, and when efforts to that end failed endeavored simply to exterminate them. The simple fact is that the Indians occupied land that the westward-moving Anglos wished to farm or mine for its minerals. In the inevitable clash that followed, the two opposing peoples responded in a perfectly human manner: They went at each other's throats with all the moral fervor that we mistakenly believe only fanatics display.

Reading this spellbinder of a book I was often reminded of Mark Twain's remark about "this damned human race"—to wit, his comment that the more he saw of men, the more they amused him and the more he pitied them. Twain would have delighted in *Son of the Morning Star*, as would Joseph Conrad, who late in life wrote his friend Bertrand Russell that he had "never been able to find in any man's book or any man's talk anything convincing enough to stand up for a moment against my deep-seated sense of fatality governing this man-inhabited world." More than anything else it is that sense of fatality that Connell conveys in this exemplary volume. □

William H. Nolte is C. Wallace Martin Professor of English at the University of South Carolina.

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THE LION AND COMPASS

by Benjamin J. Stein

To begin at the beginning, try not to hink about the tasteless dill sauce, the ooked-out vegetables, or the ıondescript fruit. Do not waste a mo-nent of your time thinking that the entil soup is less tasty than a glass of ce water. Food is not what The Lion ınd Compass is all about. Food may ıe important in some more slow-noving, better-established places in New York City or Los Angeles, but it s not even in the running in the Silicon Valley, and the Silicon Valley is what The Lion and Compass definitely is bout.

"See that man over there?" asks Joe Heinrich, an integrated-circuit designer, ointing at a little fellow in a polyester hirt with full white plastic nerdpack hielding the fabric from ball-point pen nk and a badge with his picture on it. 'That fellow and his next door eighbor have a patent on an optical nk that can digitalize voice commands o a telephone. Just what," Joe Heinrich asks, "do you think that's vorth?"

"A million dollars?" says a man at he table, stretching his imagination to s utter limits.

"Try three hundred million over ten ears, for him personally," says Heinrich. "The damned thing's gonna ake it possible to just talk to your hone and tell your phone what umber you want. You won't even have o move."

"Is he capitalized yet?" asks the sec-nd man.

"Oh, absolutely," says Joe Heinrich. There's no way on earth that he'd dare o come here to this place if he didn't lready have the venture capital com-letely in the bag. If he came here with nat guy," and now Joe Heinrich points t the man with the guy wearing the erdpack, who wears a dark blue suit rom Paul Stuart and an Egyptian cot-on shirt from Tripler, "who just creams 'venture capital,' his boss vould find out about it in two seconds nd fire him. The only way he'd ossibly come here with that guy, who think is from L.F. Rothschild, is if the financing's all set and he doesn't care if he's fired." Joe Heinrich takes a sip of the California White Wines for which the chef assures him The Lion and Compass is famous. (In fact, the wine is excellent, but that is not why anyone is there.) "In two weeks that guy will be the CEO of his own company and in a year, if the optical link gets picked up by GTE and AT&T, his company'll be worth as much as Chrysler."

The Lion and Compass was founded by Atari-founder Nolan Bushnell to be the forum for just such deals. It is a place where the food is nothing special, the decor is wildly derivative, but the deals that will define the future get made every day.

"This place," says Paul Solomon, a colleague of Nolan Bushnell, who owns most of The Lion and Compass, "is where the money meets the ideas."

"When an engineer has a really big idea," says Nolan Bushnell, who is on the run to Aspen, stealing french fries off an investment banker's plate (and shouting "bitesies" like a frat brother), "he first has secret meetings in a place nobody important ever goes, like some of those places with funny names like The Rusty Scupper and Charlie Brown's. That's so no one will see him. But when he's got everything in the bag and he's not worried about who sees him, when he *wants* people to see him with the money people from Bessemer or Citicorp, this is exactly where he comes."

"This" has a bar flown over from England, a library, ditto, a regulation gray-walled room, and a "garden room" with sash windows overlooking a parking lot. On a recent Friday, a table of men from the Financial News Network were grilling a bearded man about techniques of "IC-surgery." "That's when you have to stop your whole assembly because the chips aren't coming in right, and that guy comes over at four in the morning and fixes the automated silicon deposition machinery. He gets seventy-five hundred an hour," says Paul Solomon, "and he's worth every penny."

At another table, two engineer/entrepreneurs were doing some heavy-duty reminiscing. "You remember on the Titan, how the guidance was by circuit boards?" one asks. "Now everything's IC's. I really miss those old days. Can you believe it? Copper conductivity? It seems like a million years ago."

"Yeah, we're getting old," says his partner. Neither one looks old enough to be out of graduate school. Both are drinking milk.

Lunch begins early at The Lion and Compass. The place is packed by noon, and fairly well filled by eleven-thirty. "Engineers eat early," says Nolan Bushnell. "They get in early and they go home early so they can work in their garages making new circuits and starting their own companies. That's what the Silicon Valley's for."

At the bar, at two o'clock, by which time the restaurant is completely empty, an attractive woman wanders in for a Tab. "That's really rare," says the bartender. "She must be new in town. She doesn't know that engineers never stay here that long. If she wants to meet somebody, she'd be better off at the Electrical Engineers' meetings at the Marriott."

Jerry Sanders, who started Advanced Micro Devices in his hat (annual sales in 1983, $400 million), says the Silicon Valley needs The Lion and Compass. "There has to be some center," he says, "some place where I can take grad students who are hot and let them know I'm spending money on them, some place where people from Hitachi can come and feel like they're being shown a good time, most of all a place where the entrepreneurs can go to let people know they've made it. The food doesn't matter. As for the decor, the more imitative the better. It just has to *look* right, and The Lion and Compass looks perfect. Plus, the right people come here, and that's really all anyone wants to see."

"We don't care about a fresh John Dory here," Joe Heinrich adds. "Everybody's thinking so hard that he can't even taste the food anyway. Look at these people," he says, gesturing around with a giant hand at the mixture of Madison Avenue tailoring and J.C. Penney catalogue ready-to-wear. "One good idea, one good design, and they're as rich as a Rockefeller cousin. One good match-up with a venture capital firm, and they've got another Apple. Who the hell cares as long as the food doesn't kill you?"

Out in the parking lot, a valet in running sweats brings up the battered Pontiac station wagon of the man with the optical telephone link that'll let you dial your numbers by talking to the goddamned telephone. "When the engineer meets the money, it's like owning a mint for both of them, unless somebody else makes them obsolete. That guy's too busy to buy a Mercedes, too busy to worry about gourmet food. Ideas turn into companies and into nothing again really fast," he says. "You can't waste your time worrying about the sauce on the sole or you just get buried alive. That's why The Lion and Compass works here. They know what's important is that they're part of the race track, not the refreshment stand."

Back at the bar, the woman lights a cigarette and looks at the empty "library" room. "Jesus," she says, "this place is as slow as an 8-bit chip."

"Wait until seven o'clock," says the bartender. "It gets up to 32-bit speed again by then." □

enjamin J. Stein is a writer and producer in Hollywood.

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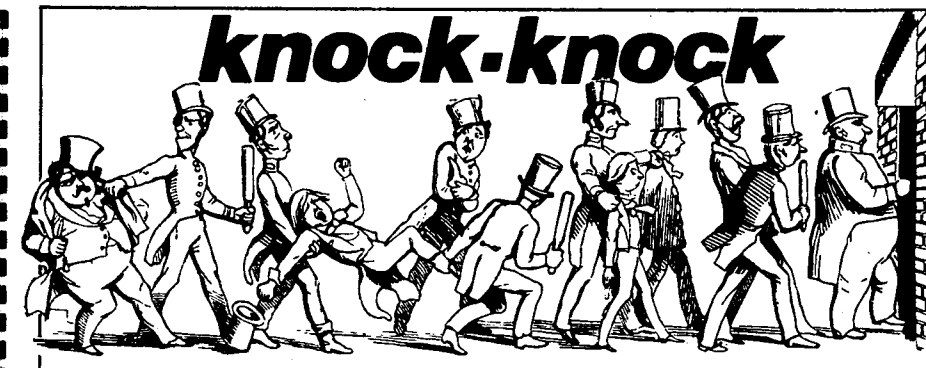

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EDITORIAL

(continued from page 9)

Mr. Carpenter was a hero while under Nazi fire sometime in 1944. From then on he did not lead a hero's life. To take to the streets, leaving an infant son and a girl to face life accompanied solely by their mother is by my lights a life of cowardice. To claim, as the political activists exploiting the homeless do, that there was nobility in Mr. Carpenter's devotion to "the boys" on the street is nonsense. The quality of his relationships was vividly suggested by his last street companion, Mr. John Lamm. "We drinked together, pooled our money together [as a disabled veteran Mr. Carpenter received $400 to $500 monthly], but I didn't ask him anything and he didn't ask me," Mr. Lamm explained from his wheelchair.

What is most objectionable about the news stories that the political activists at Washington's Community for Creative Non-Violence orchestrated into our living rooms is not that their proximate goal of more street shelters is a futile approach to the profound problems afflicting most of the so-called homeless. Rather it is the violence these activists commit against the truth.

As Thomas J. Main wrote in the *Public Interest* quarterly in the summer of 1983, homelessness is caused by a variety of misfortunes and pathologies. Some become vagrants owing to temporary destitution. Others are drug addicts, alcoholics, or the victims of mental disorders. Few can be treated as normal citizens. Some belong in asylums, as the American Psychiatric Association has confirmed. Others belong in the jug. Still others, who break no laws and present no threat to society, ought to be left alone. The plight of the so-called homeless worsens not because society does not care but because the activists among us have, in pursuit of their follies, made it controversial to assess the problem accurately and to address it as effectively as society once did. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

Chairman Volcker, but the Chairman was not at the office or at home. I informed her that Chairman Volcker was in Europe and that, given the time difference, he was probably asleep. The operator asked me to hold the line while she consulted with someone. When she came back on the line, she asked when Chairman Volcker would return to the office. I told her that he would be back on June 28. After further consultation the White House operator asked that Chairman Volcker call the President when he returned. The operator was the only person to whom I spoke on the evening of June 25.

—Catherine A. Mallardi
Washington, D.C.

Gregory A. Fossedal replies:

Regarding Ms. Mallardi, some observations:

1. The "false account" I have repeated appeared first in the *New York Times* months before my article. Ms. Mallardi lodged no protest with the *Times*, so readers might be tempted to suspect her motives. In my opinion, her decision to respond here reflects her simple awareness of the vast influence wielded by *The American Spectator* relative to the *Times*.

2. Several letters to the White House, including two epistles which I directed to the personal attention of our commander-in-chief, Ronald Reagan, have failed to shed any new light on the events of June 25. In my last letter, dated January 3, I requested several members of the White House to offer any evidence they might have that would tend to corroborate Ms. Mallardi's story or refute my own account. None has been forthcoming.

3. I am therefore inclined to stand by my own account, which was obtained from a sinister White House aide who regularly sends notes on toilet paper to Strobe Talbott. But in the interests of clarifying the historical record, I will gladly bear any costs associated with Ms. Mallardi's undergoing a polygraph examination on the matter in question. If her story holds, I will issue a retraction.

Now, let us administer some oxygen to the gasping Mr. Borghese:

1. My "assertion" that Volcker, Shultz, et al. engineered the collapse of Bretton Woods is hardly controversial, and hardly undocumented. My original article cites a leading expert: Volcker himself. It was Volcker, not me, who in repeated congressional testimony affirmed his role in smashing the Bretton Woods system. It was Volcker who (along with Shultz and Connally) advocated a floating exchange rate system when he was at Treasury (cf. William Safire's *Before the Fall*). Such a system had to be engineered, because the Bretton Woods agreement obligated signatories to exchange their currencies for dollars at a fixed rate, and obligated the U.S. to trade dollars for a fixed value of gold reserves (at $35 to the ounce).

2. Paul Volcker has testified a number of times in favor of tax increases, particularly during the 1982 fight to pass the Bob Dole deficit-reduction plan. The *Wall Street Journal* reported on a typical example of Volckerspeak this January 16: "Though the Senate leadership has focused only on spending reductions, Mr. Volcker said he would 'look elsewhere' to revenues and taxes if sufficient cuts can't be found."

3. Regarding Volcker's interaction with Third World economies, one can hardly deny that foreign lending has increased in the last 15 years. So the only question is, have such loans been properly regulated, and have they been contingent on wise economic policies? One write-down on one loan to Argentina, alas, does not sound regulation make, and my article faithfully reports the overall figures which show banks in grave danger. (For still more on the hardships Volcker has imposed on Latin economies and U.S. shareholders, see my article of July 20, 1984 in the *Wall Street Journal*.)

4. Finally, my description of exchange rate fluctuations being caused by monetary policy is hardly novel. Monetarists, supply-siders, and Keynesians alike view exchange rates as reflecting the supply and demand for various currencies. So the only debate is over this: Do present exchange rate fluctuations reflect capricious policy on the part of our Fed or someone else's? The drastic fluctuations in the dollar price of gold and other commodities under Volcker, cited in my article, suggest the fault lies not with our stars, or with other control banks, but with our Fed.

Overall, Mr. Borghese, like many idolators, credits Mr. Volcker for all that is good and blames him for nothing that is bad. He repeats that Volcker has "brought inflation under control." To the extent this is true—inflation, again per my article, has been higher under Volcker than any other chairman—it came at high cost: the recessions of 1980, 1981, and 1982. A three year old can "control" inflation with 10-percent unemployment.

Mr. Borghese likewise credits Mr. Volcker with achieving this control despite pressure on the "fiscal accelerator," i.e., the deficits. Yet it was Volcker himself who pressed that accelerator to the floor. Today's deficits mostly reflect the slow growth caused by Volcker's clumsy handling of monetary policy in 1981-82. That is why Irving Kristol aptly calls them the "Volcker deficits."

As for adding to Mr. Volcker's mystique, that was my precise intention. In a government run by men, one must indeed concentrate on personages and petty power politics. When the Fed is returned to the rule of law—a monetary standard, be it gold or the money supply—Mr. Volcker's self-interested machinations will do much less harm, and then we can blissfully turn to other conservative tasks, such as initiating a nuclear war and tearing up the Bill of Rights. □

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Dave Repp

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says Malcolm Muggeridge, welcoming the new frontal assault on American liberalism by "the funniest political essayist to come along in years"—*Tom Wolfe*

The founder and editor-in-chief of *The American Spectator*, having brilliantly dissected *Public Nuisances* in his book of that title, now goes beyond *Homo liberalis* to examine what he believes are the frequently incoherent, often infantile (and nearly always dangerous) ideas of the New Age Liberals.

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☞ THE TUBE..."Television has preempted reality in the minds of millions. When Laurence Olivier played Hamlet he was never asked to testify before Parliament on domestic political conditions in Denmark. Today in America Alan Alda, who played an army surgeon on M*A*S*H, has lectured to medical schools, and Ed Asner, who played a city editor on *Lou Grant*, has lectured a meeting of journalists on 'investigative journalism.'"

☞ ANDREW YOUNG... "Andy found racism everywhere, even in Abraham Lincoln... Yet Andy found no hint of racism in Arab lands. Nor did Jesse Jackson, nor the members of the Black Caucus. The new black leaders recognized the Arab lands as true brothers engaged in one of the great liberation movements of modern times–namely: the liberation of dollars from Western banks."

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CURRENT WISDOM

Salt Lake Tribune

A *cri de coeur* from what sounds very much like a member of the Union of Concerned Scientists, alone and shivering in the Salt Lake Gulag:

As displaced people from Los Angeles (displaced is right—this place is like a prisoner of war camp) we can't help but be horrified by the extreme right wing attitude and moral majority mentality displayed here.

Salt Lake City is like a satellite country of the USSR. If Utah were a nation, Jerry Falwell would be president.

As if it weren't bad enough to be told what we can watch on television, how much we can imbibe and where, now we are totally dismayed to find that Plato's Retreat has been denied a license to operate!

We loved Plato's Retreat in L.A.—it's a great little nude swingers' club and we found it to be a wonderful outlet for inhibitions, pent-up frustrations, and sluggish thinking.

It isn't as if the owners are going to go out on the streets and manhandle reluctant customers to come in.

In order to get in the front door, you have to show a membership card. This is a privilege, folks. Wake up!

All the negative publicity generated by Plato's Retreat is indicative of the smug conceited thinking of the majority of this state's population. —*L. Hardmana Midvale*

[December 3, 1984]

The Coastland Times

Manteo, North Carolina's paper of record observes the passing scene:

On the recommendation of police chief Hatton Midgett, the Manteo board of commissioners during their mid-month meeting Tuesday night, unanimously adopted an amendment to the town codes prohibiting "the elimination of human waste."

[November 22, 1984]

Mother Jones

An *obligato* reassurance from David Osborne, *MJ*'s political affairs expert and prophet-in-residence:

Yes, Ronald Reagan was reelected by a landslide, but so were Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson. That fact alone should caution us against reading too much into Reagan's sweep, for both Nixon and Johnson proceeded to lead their parties over a cliff.

The lessons of November 6, 1984, in other words, should be drawn with care. Ronald Reagan's victory will have a lasting impact, will create the historic realignment of which Republicans dream, *only* if his policies work. And, frankly, there is little chance of that.

[January 1985]

Soviet Life

In the pages of a superb publication, abundant with all the generous sentiments so plentiful in the socialist motherland, a patriot makes one more effort to undue the decades of slander:

. . . the work to draw up Soviet laws is carried on at government levels with the participation not only of competent jurists, but also of broad sections of the population. Four-fifths of the adult population in the country took part in discussing the 1977 Constitution of the USSR. As a result, changes were made in 110 out of the 173 articles in the draft of the Constitution.

For example, the draft of Article 35 read: "Women in the USSR have equal rights with men." One woman wrote: "Why have men been chosen as the principal standard? Why are women to be accorded equality with them and not vice versa?" Quite a reasonable question, isn't it? The final version of Article 35 now reads: "Women and men have equal rights in the USSR."

[December 1984]

Baltimore Sun

High ratiocinations from the sempiternally high Dr. Garry Wills:

Some would dismiss the bishops' draft on the grounds that liberals were resisting their views on abortion before the election—how can they accept their views on economics afterward? But there is nothing—not one word—about abortion in the Gospels. In fact, there is very little about sex or "private morality," as it is called. But page after page is filled with denunciation of the privileged and a call for justice to the lowly, the poor, the humble, the excluded, the weak. Who can qualify for that attention if not the dying in Ethiopia?

[November 22, 1984]

Los Angeles Times

A 100 percent American pontificator clears his throat on the correspondence page of the Golden State's *Times*:

I would like to protest the use of an adjective that seems to be applied to anyone in any event that is newsworthy who happens to be 60 years old or more. Do your writers realize what effect this designation has on people so termed?

It is a stereotype that implies that the descriptee is frail and somewhat doddering and—despite the fact that he or she may be in vigorous command of all mental and physical functions—over the hill.

Think of how demoralizing it can be. Take the case of a man, a vigorous 62, fresh from jogging his usual two miles that morning and on his way to a client meeting, who witnesses an accident. Dropping his briefcase, he extricates woman and child from their car just before it goes up in flames at considerable risk to himself. In your report you pay just tribute to any man, on the senile side of 60, who can overcome his own disabilities to come to the aid of others. "Elderly Man Saves Two!" your headline will trumpet. . . .

That "elderly" man, with a previous self-image as a charismatic participant in the work of the world, from that time on may very well feel that others perceive him as ready for the ash heap. The stigma of being somewhat decrepit is permanently attached to him from the time of your reporter's description.

May I suggest that you delete the word "elderly" from your reporters' future stories? They shouldn't mind. After all, they too will age numerically if their health holds up, and few major newspapers hire "elderly" reporters. —*Kalman Phillips Sherman Oaks*

[September 1, 1984]

Village Voice

Still more evidence to fortify the late George Jean Nathan's findings that between the male and female of the species the latter have more salacious minds:

Julio Iglesias's timbre and cadence carry a powerful hidden message. They are in exact rhythm with a female's slow buildup to orgasm. This message may be elusive to male writers, for the male buildup to orgasm is better expressed by rock'n'roll.

Many men don't look for the female rhythm because to them sex isn't about satisfying the female at all. Sex is about dominance, and keeping the female unsatisfied is an expression of same.

So Julio gives many women in fantasy what they yearn for in real life.

In women's embrace of the romantic latino singers, you are just seeing the reality of our lives and the failure of our men to satisfy us or recognize our needs.

Perhaps someday they will wake up.

[December 3, 1984]

Time

A mamushi from Louisville, Kentucky moves from the correspondence pages of the *Nation* to the correspondence pages of *Time*:

Harry Britt says he has not found anyone who does not feel good about being an American right now. Well, he has not talked to me. I am ashamed of this country and what Ronald Reagan has done to the millions of poor people. I am ashamed of the violence shown toward children, women and animals. I am ashamed of the selfishness that characterizes our business and personal values. I am ashamed that not everyone in this country has equal rights although we have equal problems. Most of all, I am ashamed that the majority of Americans are so easily fooled by President Reagan.

[October 22, 1984]

Vegetarian Times

Historical and political analysis from Dr. Alex Hershaft, forward-looker:

The role of animals in the U.S. political process has been largely symbolic and superficial. The bald eagle is the official symbol of the United States. The Democrats rally behind the donkey while the Republicans adore their elephant. Even Theodore Roosevelt's splinter party was named after an animal—the bull moose. And who can forget the little mongrel named Checkers, Vice Presidential candidate Richard Nixon's best friend? Historically, however, both candidates' political statements and party platforms have consistently failed to reflect the tremendous debt that they, and we, owe to animals and the obligations that this debt entails.

If it is true that history will judge our civilization by the way we treat our animals, then the U.S. has a lot of catching up to do. . . . The common, if cynical, wisdom maintains that animals don't vote, but the people who make a living by exploiting them do.

But what about the decent, caring, compassionate, idealistic people of America? The graduate of liberation and other progressive movements? The political activists who have revolutionized our attitudes toward blacks, the aged, the handicapped, gays, women and other oppressed segments of our society? Don't they vote, too? Couldn't their views be impressed upon this country's political apparatus? Could they be enlisted in this latest liberation movement? Especially by a bunch of well-meaning political amateurs?

[October 1984]

The Emory Wheel

Outdoor sport at Emory University reported in precise detail by an aspiring Woodward or Bernstein:

There was an exhibitionist reported on the path between the Fishburne parking deck and Woodruff Library. A female student was approached by a white male who was masturbating with his penis in his hand. He asked her if she wanted to assist him. She declined and returned to the library.

[November 16, 1984]

Scottsdale Daily Progress

For 3,000 moral virtuosi hope comes to "the valley," along with God knows how many fresh cases of Gay Bowel Syndrome:

They can't put a photo of the person they love most on their desk at work. Except among themselves, they can't share stories about how they spend their free time without incrimination.

They can't talk about all the excitement they feel when the one who loves them does something special. They feel forced to lie and find themselves feeling like an outsider in social groups because they can't contribute to the conversation.

They are human beings loving human beings. But they are told that is wrong, unnatural and not normal.

It has been said that the only bigotry left in the United States today, that is considered socially acceptable, is from those who put them down.

At 5 p.m. Saturday, thousands from this group and their supporters will line the streets of downtown Phoenix asking for "Unity and More in '84."

It will be the Valley's fourth annual Gay Pride March.

"This year I'm pretty confident we'll have 3,000 (marchers)," said Kirk Baxter, president of the Arizona Lesbian and Gay Task Force, organizers of the march.

[June 14, 1984]

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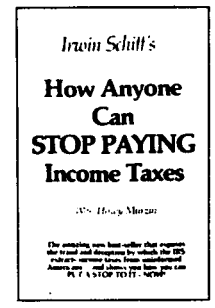

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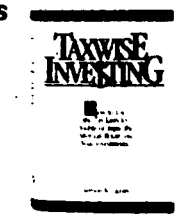

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